

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

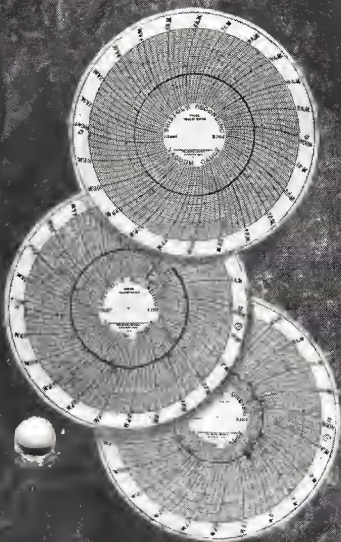
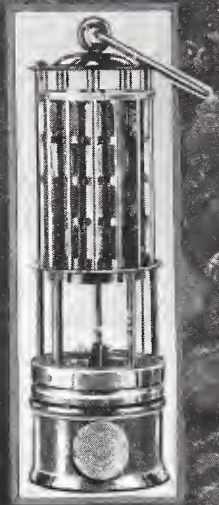
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FEBRUARY, 1927



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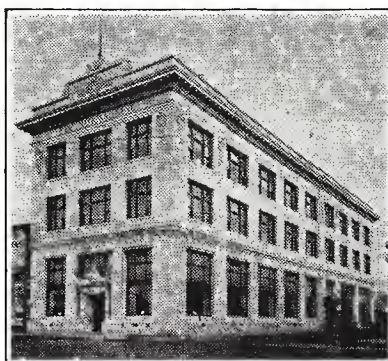
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Lincoln
Portrait Statue - By Augustus Saint-Gaudens

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
EMPLOYEES OF THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY AND
WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY AND THEIR FAMILIES

VOLUME 4

FEBRUARY, 1927

NUMBER 2

Lincoln—Portrait Statue

By Augustus Saint-Gaudens—In Lincoln Park, Chicago

OUR selection for February's art study is the portrait statue of Lincoln by Saint-Gaudens, recognized as one of the world's masterpieces of sculpture and satisfying to even our idealization of its great subject. It is a very different study than a painting, because it must be remembered that while the painter has a wide range of resources for creating an illusion, the sculptor is limited to a comparatively strict and naive realism. His only means of idealizing are the abstract beauty of line and form, the character of expression in face and gesture and the general feeling of nobility and sweetness that he can impart to his work through the degree to which the thought that is in him inspires his hand. If a sculptor fails in form, he fails. It is his one medium of expression. A painter may not be possessed of genius, yet may find in some part of his many-sided art something that will lift his work out of the commonplace. A modern artist, copies of whose pictures one sees everywhere, has won fame not because of his subject interpretations, nor because of the beauty of his conceptions, but because of the use of color creations that are distinctively his.

Augustus Saint-Gaudens was born in Dublin, Ireland, in March, 1848. His father was of Southern France; his mother was Irish. And again it may not be fanciful to see in the work of their son the Latin sense of form combined with the poetic feeling of the Celt. He himself was a New Yorker well nigh from birth, having been brought to America while an infant. He went to the public schools of New York City until he was thirteen years old, when his parents, with Old Country ideas, apprenticed him to a cameo cutter named Avet. He served his full term of apprenticeship, and even during his period of study in Paris he devoted half of his working hours to his trade—earned his way by it. It is interesting to remember that he attributes much of his success to the habit of faithful labor acquired during this time. He speaks of his apprenticeship as "one of the most fortunate things that ever happened to me." He went to Paris to begin the serious study

of his art—to the Petite Ecole and later to the Studio of Jouffroy in the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Here it is of current interest to learn that Solon H. Borglum, the sculptor who began the work of chiseling the leaders of the Confederacy on the face of Stone Mountain, Georgia, enjoyed while in Paris the critical encouragement of Saint-Gaudens.

AFTER a period of study in the Beaux Arts, Saint-Gaudens went to Rome and finally, returning home, was given the commission for the "Farragut" statue in Madison Square. From the time when that statue was exhibited at the Salon of 1880, his talent was recognized and his position was assured. He did the "Parnell" statue in Dublin, Ireland, and the "Sherman" memorial in Central Park, New York, said to be one of the three greatest equestrian statues of the world. His "Grief," or the Adams memorial, in Rock Creek cemetery, Washington, D. C., is a most remarkable study. A husband who'd lost his wife, giving Saint-Gaudens the commission, asked that the grief expressed be absolute. It holds one breathless—it is grief, not dejection, not misery, but grief—so absolute as to be majestic.

But his work is largely monuments to Americans, by an American, because, despite his Old World parentage, and study, Saint-Gaudens is most tremendously an American. He had lived through the Civil War; had felt, as a boy, the stir of its great happenings. The feelings of the American people were his feelings, and his representations of Lincoln and other heroes are among the most national as they are among the most vital our country has produced in art. It had been his good fortune to be confronted with large and impressive facts. The panorama of American civilization has spread itself behind his work; and the latter has grown out of, and in harmony with, the background.

SAINT-GAUDENS had the force of imagination which could not only grasp the magnitude of his opportunity but interpret its impressiveness.

"Lincoln" was unveiled in 1887. It is in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and has a most beautiful setting on a rise of ground, with a background of trees. On one of the two large bronze balls at the foot is the "Gettysburg Address" and on the other is a part of Lincoln's first inaugural address. On one wall of the foundation are the words: "With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to know the right, let us strive on."

But the statue itself is no grandeur of mass; only a chair behind the standing figure. Nor did the sculptor attempt an easy triumph through any heroic rendering of the figure; spare and elongated in clothes uncompromisingly ordinary it is. But the man as he was, and just because he chanced to be the man he was, was great and in a fearless acceptance of that fact Saint-Gaudens found his opportunity. And the homely figure has a grandeur and power of appeal that are irresistible. And when it is remembered, as we said at the beginning of our study, how few are the sculptor's avenues of expression, it is most marvelous. True, our imagination, reinforced by knowledge, goes out to reach the artist half way here, thereby lessening the space he has to travel. But it is the supreme devotion of a human heart to an ideal, reinforced by perfection of artistic technique that gives us the Lincoln of the statue; grandly dignified, austere simple, sorrowfully human, risen from the chair of state that marks his office, but about to speak as man to men, his bent head and worn face filled with a sense of power, but even more with the sadness of responsibility—filled above all with a yearning passion of sympathy and love. In imaginative presentation of character, in nobility of feeling and breadth of treatment, no less than in perfection of workmanship, it stands pinnacle high.

SOMEHOW it is as an artist of superior imagination that we regard Saint-Gaudens; as one who can give to the facts of our knowledge a fresh form and significance. As we make this study of his "Lincoln," as we yield ourselves to his charm or are exalted by the sweep of his imagination, we shall come to an assured conviction that Augustus Saint-Gaudens is one of those great creative minds transcending time and place; not of America, of today but of the world and forever. He has been an educator of our taste, and more—of our sentiment and emotions.

Nothing is more difficult than to estimate justly the greatness of an object that is too near us. Time alone does that. Saint-Gaudens depicts our national heroes, expressing and elevating our loftiest ideals. We pay what tribute we may to the artist and the man who pays the sublime tribute of exact, understanding and searching immortalization to our greatest hero—Abraham Lincoln.

Stories About Lincoln

His Knowledge of Human Nature

ONCE, when Lincoln was pleading a case, the opposing lawyer had all the advantage of the law; the weather was warm, and his opponent, as was admissible in frontier courts, pulled off his coat and vest as he grew warm in the argument.

At that time, shirts with buttons behind were unusual. Lincoln took in the situation at once. Knowing the prejudices of the primitive people against pretension of all sorts, or any affectation of superior social rank, arising, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, having justice on my side, I don't think you will be at all influenced by the gentleman's pretended knowledge of the law, when you see he does not even know which side of his shirt should be in front."

There was a general laugh, and Lincoln's case was won.

Boat Had To Stop

LINCOLN never failed to take part in all political campaigns in Illinois, as his reputation as a speaker caused his services to be in great demand. As was natural, he was often the target at which many of the "smart alecks" of that period shot their feeble bolts, but Lincoln was so ready with his answers that few of them cared to engage him a second time.

In one campaign Lincoln was frequently annoyed by a young man who entertained the idea that he was a born orator. He had a loud voice, was full of language, and so conceited that he could not understand why the people did not recognize and appreciate his abilities.

This callow politician delighted in interrupting public speakers, and at last Lincoln determined to squelch him. One night while addressing a large meeting at Springfield, the fellow became so offensive that "Abe" dropped the threads of his speech and turned his attention to the tormentor.

"I don't object," said Lincoln, "to being interrupted with sensible questions, but I must say that my boisterous friend does not always make inquiries which properly come under that head. He says he is afflicted with headaches, at which I don't wonder, as it is a well-known fact that Nature abhors a vacuum, and takes her own way of demonstrating it."

"This noisy friend reminds me of a certain steamboat that used to run on the Illinois river. It was an energetic boat, was always busy. When they built it, however, they made one serious mistake, this error being in the relative sizes of the boiler and the whistle. The latter was usually busy, too, and people were aware that it was in existence."

"This particular boiler to which I have reference was a six-foot one, and did all that was required of it in the way of pushing the boat along; but as the builders of the vessel had made the whistle a six-foot one, the consequence was that every time the whistle blew the boat had to stop."

Government Rests in Public Opinion

LINCOLN delivered a speech at a republican banquet at Chicago, December 10, 1856, just after the presidential campaign of that year, in which he said:

"Our government rests in public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change the government practically just so much."

"Public opinion, on any subject, always has a 'central idea,' from which all its minor thoughts radiate."

"That 'central idea' in our political public opinion at the beginning was, and until recently has continued to be, 'the equality of man.'"

(Please turn to page 53)

Reliance and Winton Celebrate The 168th Anniversary of the Birth of Robert Burns

The Reliance Celebration

IT'S maist extraordinary hoo the Scots always manage tae get a graund gathering arranged tae celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the favorite poet—Bobby Burns. And forbye that it's an extraordinary thing hoo mony folk there are who find themself's wi' a graund bur-r-r tae insert in every word they say on Burns' nicht.

I went mysel' tae the Reliance celebration and it was Scotchmen, Scotchmen everywhaur and the very first man I met wi'oot a dialect was Maister Archie Auld frae Winton and he, pair budy, canna get the tongue at all, an' speaks wi' a pairfect Irish brogue everytime he attempts it. It's a great pety—a great pety.

No, that I'm saying the celebration wesna a success. It was. There was Maister Kelly, the president o' the Band who met me at the door and spiered o' me, said he:—"When came ye frae Scotland yersel'?" "A while ago," said I, "but I'm promising ye that when I get oot on Burns' nicht my tongue twirls itself a bit wi'oot my permission." And Maister Stark wha was standing beside him and wes responsible for the program, telt Maister Kelly that he kent I'd dae my best tae uphold a' the traditions of the Scots.

It was a graund success. I got in free mysel'—just slippit in when the man at the door was bringing up Scot after Scot and makin' them kent tae each other. It was a graund success.

Maister McPhie, in the chair, slippit a wee maybe when he said we'd a' cam tae celebrate and then added some ge y strange American talk aboot: "that's no maybe."

Maister Pryde telt us aboot Burns and anybody that thinks a real Scot loses his accent in an American shuffle should just hev heard him in his eulogy o' the immortal Bobby and the Scot. "Whaurever," said he, "there's man's work tae be done the wor-ld over—there ye'll find the Scot and hear the Scottish tongue." It's a' maist true as I could agree mysel' wi'oot ony argument.

Noble o' Rock Springs, a braw Scotsman—and handsome forbye—played the bag-pipes and a' body felt it surely was a gaithering o' the clans. Then cam a sketch featuring Tam o' Shanter, Burns and Soutar Johnnie. The immortals wes wi' us. It was graund.

Mrs. Holen wha's the Superintendent's laidy recited Mr. Thomas' tribute tae Robbie and a fair tribute it is.

Then there wes Scotch dances; Mrs. Graham a sonsy wifie, danced the sword dance, aye and the fling too. Maister W. Pryde did the fling tae the swirl o' Jim Noble's pipes and then two lasses did it thegither. It wad be a fair shame tae let the fling die oot.

Syne I found mysel' sitting beside some friends and we clacked thegither a bit and we agreed—like that niver had we seen sae splendid a celebration o' the day—and we forgave a' body for no bein' Scots. In oor softened mood we decided that aifter all it was scarcely their fault, pair budys, that they werna born in the bonniest land in the worl'd. And we remembered the minister's sermon on sympathy—how that he said quite plainly in the fifth headin' under his thirdly that true sympathy meant havin' a sincere pity for a' those less fortunate than oorsel's. And wha's mair unfortunate than the man wha hasna ony Scottish blood to warm his heart and burr his tongue and lighten his tae and his heels—aye an' mak him feckless o' his pennies on Burns' night. It was a graund success.

The Winton Celebration

WEEL, if a' body was askin' me I'd say that there was na doubt aboot the 168th anniversary of Robert Burns' birthday havin' been weel and graundly celebrated

in oor toons. Crêtes but they Scotch folk certainly are no blate wi' their askin' the hale district to stop a' thing else and dae respect to Robbie. A budy micht think there niver was anither poet at all.

Man alive I'd scarcely got ma Scotch costume put by and I was still sort of elevated like aifter the nicht wi' Bobby at Reliance when they tell me there was tae be anither at Winton. Did I stay home quiet-like? Deed I didna. And I certainly was glad I went oot till Winton wi' it's graund Band. Of course, the Bandmaister's no Scotch and ye micht think that a pety. But, weel, I'm no sayin' it is. They played a noble lot o' Scotch airs. Here's the wholus-bolus o' the program Maister Carlson and Mistress Henderson arranged—an ye'll understand, of course, that there was planty o' real Scotch folk among the players o' the Band like Laurence Kinyon and Louis and especially Rudolph whose fine ability tae elaborate on the tales o' the doin's o' the Scots made me fair envious.

The Program.

Opening Selection.....	Winton Band.
Life of Robert Burns.....	George B. Pryde
Song.....	Mrs. R. T. Wilson
Clarinet Solo.....	John Constantine
Dance.....	Miss Pryde, Mrs. Carlson
Song.....	Howard Johnson
Cornet Solo.....	Wm. Groutage
Dance.....	Eunice Baxter
Song.....	Messrs. Spence
Trombone Trio.....	Band Trombones
Dance.....	Mrs. Carlson, Charles Jones
Song.....	Anna Herd
Recitation.....	Mrs. R. T. Wilson
Dance.....	Marian Grindle
Saxophone Quartet.....	Band Saxaphones
Dance.....	William Pryde
Selection.....	Band
Bagpipes.....	James Noble.
Piano Accompanist.....	Mrs. Henderson.

Robert Burns

An Address Delivered by Mr. George B. Pryde at Reliance, Wyoming, Commemorating the Anniversary of the Poet's Birth, Which Occurred at Ayr, Scotland, January 25, 1759.

I WISH to congratulate the people of Reliance who, regardless of nationality, have arranged this meeting tonight, in commemoration of the birth, and to celebrate the life and work of a great poet, Robert Burns, who, by sheer genius, gained for himself a niche in the Hall of Fame, and placed his name among the immortals.

As we study his remarkable and notable achievements, and ponder on his enduring place, not only in the affections of the Scottish people, but in those of nearly all civilized nations, we cast around for a reason for his great popularity and we are led to the conclusion that, in order for any man to achieve great distinction that survives many years after his death, he must have made a very material contribution to the life and activities of his time in order that his name might be written in enduring letters on the pages of history. He must have been a man of more than passing or even outstanding achievement and genius; such was Robert Burns, and none, I dare say, will have the temerity to question this assertion. After nearly a century and a half since his death, posterity has had ample time to critically gauge his accomplishments and has awarded him a place among the immortals.

It would seem, nevertheless, that the subject of Burns' life and work had been so thoroughly discussed in the

years that are past, that it would be presumptuous on my part to attempt to add anything new on the subject, but his life and work present many angles and there may be some phases which you have not heretofore given serious consideration to.

First, we might think of his birth, which occurred under the most discouraging conditions. His parents were quite poor, as were many others of the peasant class in Scotland at that time. Scotland at that time, and for many years thereafter, was an inhospitable country. I do not wish you to misunderstand this statement as conveying the idea that the Scots were inhospitable. I refer entirely to the country, as the land was unproductive, the climate not conducive to the successful growing or maturing of crops, the science of agriculture was little understood, the farming tools and implements were of the most meagre description, there were no surplus funds to make needed improvements and the grim specter of poverty was ever hovering near the home, privation and suffering were ever present, and under the conditions enumerated one would hardly expect cheerfulness, but amid it all Robert Burns invariably exhibited the greatest cheerfulness. If he had not, many of his best poems would never have been written.

D. G. Thomas in "Overland and Underground" says:

"And soaring upward like the lark,
Unfettered by despair,
His songs sent sunshine through the dark
Upon the banks of Ayr."

His poem, "Rantin' Rovin' Robin," was also a good example of the virtue of cheerfulness which I have mentioned. His words seem almost prophetic.

"He'll hâ'e misfortunes great and sma'
But aye a heart above them a'.
He'll be a credit to us a',
I think we'll ca' him Robin."

YET amid such discouraging and soul racking conditions, he sang sweetly and serenely, in simple yet gripping language and the sweet melody of his songs has come down to us through the years, with their luster undimmed, cheering us in sorrow, strengthening us in misfortune, and it is little wonder that his poems are read and enjoyed by the people of many lands. Burns sang not alone for Scotland and of Scotland but in interpreting the joys and sorrows and the lives of his country people he was but interpreting human life as a whole and the lives of all humankind, for after all human nature is very much the same everywhere. Joy and sorrow and suffering and all those other constituents, both tangible and intangible, that go to make up the sum total of human existence are not specifically confined to any particular class or people. It is true, no doubt, that these may vary in some essentials but the fundamentals of human life and human experience are ever the same, and I believe that the recognition of this fact by Burns accounts largely for his popularity and for the almost universal attention that his poetry has received.

Burns was a Scotchman always, a Scotchman in all that the name implies, and was proud of it; he possessed all of the Scot's independence of thought and action, the latter being a distinctive characteristic. He was intensely patriotic; he was proud of the land of his birth; his love of country was ever present in his mind and often expressed.

The following might well have been written by Burns; he expressed the same thought many times in his writings.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land."

These words, while, I say, not written by Burns, express forcibly and completely his whole attitude towards his native country, for despite the fact that she gave him little in the way of material possessions, love of his native land was one of the outstanding virtues of his life.

He craved neither adulation nor money. Regarding the latter he says:

"Not for to hide it in a hedge
Or for a train attendant
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

You remember that occasion when he went to Edinburgh at the invitation of some of his rich and influential friends. He was feted and honored and extended every courtesy but he was as unspoiled by success as he was cheerful under the misfortune and longed for the quiet and peace of his home at Mossgiel, and the company of his more humble friends, those whom he had made famous in his poems, "Soutar Johnnie," "Holy Willie," "Tam o' Shanter" and many others, no less notable.

In "The Cotter's Saturday Night," we get a graphic picture of Scottish life among the working classes of his time, a life simple, primitive and crude, you say? Yes, when compared with the rather complicated and complex conditions surrounding our lives today. But, nevertheless, a true picture of life during Burns' time. Life was simple and peaceful in those days, yet, with all of its simplicity, Scotland raised a people that found success in many lines of human endeavor. After recounting the different scenes on Saturday night, when the evening meal had been finished, then the Bible was brought down and all engaged in family worship, you remember, then Burns goes on to say:

"From scenes like these
Auld Scotias grandeur springs
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God,
Oh, Scotia, my dear my native soil
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content."

BUT Burns was to know to its full measure that fame indeed is a fickle thing. Today the victor hears the plaudits of the multitude in his ears and is flushed with his success, tomorrow comes hate, scorn and neglect. Today the laurel leaves of victory, tomorrow abuse and forgetfulness. Today the multitude shouting Hozannas and strewing palm leaves upon which their hero might tread, tomorrow the ignominious death; such is fame, but if Burns felt downhearted at the changed conditions outwardly he did not show it but went on his lonely way. No doubt he suffered in silence, as his was a proud spirit and doubtless suffered under the neglect of his former friends.

And as Burns' life drew rapidly to a close, there is no more tragic scene in Scottish history. Still a young man, his once splendid physique shattered and broken, he comes home to Mossgiel to die, not to lie down and die without a struggle, for Burns fought for life to the end, meeting death as he had met life, courageously, but as I said before he desired to live, as all of us do.

"For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being ere resigned,
Left the precincts of the warm day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries
Even in our ashes lives their wonted fires."

But the end is rapidly approaching and as Burns lies looking out toward the western sky and sees the sun sinking, he knew only too well that for him the sun was sinking behind the western hills for the last time. Something like this must have been in his mind for he said to his nurse:

"Put up the blind a wee
And let the bonnie setting sun
Shine in on you and me."

He never lost his sense of humor even under the most trying circumstances, and it is recorded as he lay dying
(Please turn to page 44)

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

*Published monthly in the interests of the employees of
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Union Coal Company and their families.*

JESSIE McDIARMID Editor

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Our Prize Watch Safety Contest

ONE by one the several mining districts shown in the graph at the head of the safety section of the Employees' Magazine saw the stars that indicated the absence of a fatal accident, dim and pass out during the year 1926, Hanna District in Wyoming and Tono in Washington alone going through unscathed.

Elsewhere in this issue of the magazine will be found a review of the fatal and non-fatal accidents occurring in our Wyoming mines during the year, and this resume, together with the individual bulletins put out from time to time, will suffice to inform our workers of the extraordinary progress made during the last five months of 1926. It seems strange that eight deaths should be the toll of 1,376,245 tons production and thereafter 1,400,000 tons should be won without a single fatal accident, more so as each death was an individual happening, bearing no relation to the others; the loss of the eight men a sheer "sniping" process.

During the year 1926 large sums of money were spent toward safety, in the form of rock dusting, water lines for mining machines and sprinkling and to establish a minimum clearance of thirty inches from the track rail; \$50,000 spent for water line alone. All this is necessary and as it should be, but safety results are, and always will be, the outcome of individual mind status; the attitude each man, from the very bottom to the very top, cares to develop and exercise.

It is our keen desire to keep before our employees and their families, who suffer with them, the importance of keeping safe, and as an earnest of that feeling a white gold watch and chain was offered late in the year to the men employed in our Hanna mines, provided they managed to go through 1926 without a fatal accident. Successful in their efforts a formal ballot was arranged for, and with the company officials outside the contest, Mr. Carl Erickson, shotfirer at Mine No. 2, received the highest number of votes as representing the man who had contributed the most to mine safety at Hanna during 1926. As this is written, a similar ballot is being taken at Tono, and the Tono employee whom his fellow workers feel has done the most for safety during 1926 will in due time receive a watch and chain identical with the one presented to Mr. Erickson at Hanna.

And now for 1927. Similar rewards of a watch and chain will be made in each of the six Wyoming Districts and at Tono, Washington, on the following basis:

(a) A fine gold watch and chain will be presented to any district group of mines when it has produced 500,000 tons of coal without a fatal accident.

(b) A fine gold watch and chain will be presented to each district group of mines going through the year without a fatal accident, regardless of tonnage produced, and without regard to the presentation provided for in (a).

(c) All watches will be presented after completion of balloting by the mine workers only, officials to be exempted from voting or being voted for.

(d) A suitably engraved watch charm or medal will be presented to the mine foreman in charge of each individual mine in which no fatal accident occurs in 1927.

With a death rate in our American mines several times greater than that shown for Europe, and in view of the record made in the past six years; 13 deaths in 1921; 8 in 1922; 16 in 1923; 9 in 1924; 5 in 1925; 8 in the first 205 days of 1926 and none thereafter, can we not say that we can and will reduce this toll of human life? If we need to go outside of the mining industry for inspiration, let us turn to the Union Pacific Railroad organization, twice winner of the Edward H. Harriman Memorial Medal; the reportable accidents for this railroad reduced from 23.17 per million man hours in 1920 to less than 4.0 in 1925.

The watches and medals to be presented are not meant as a bribe given to men to save their own lives and bodies, but as a stimulus to thought along constructive lines. So let us all keep thinking and working for safety, safety always.

The Holocaust at Montreal, Canada

THE Laurier Palace, a movie theater of Montreal's east end, with a seating capacity of 1,100, was the scene of an indescribable horror Sunday afternoon, January 9th last. Well filled, the audience largely made up of children, that Sunday's performance featured a comedy film, "Get 'Em Young," the title deadly ironic of the tragedy that followed the opening and which snuffed out the lives of seventy-seven children, who were crushed and suffocated in the stampede which followed the first cry of fire. Many of those who survived the first rush died subsequently in hospitals. But ten minutes sufficed to jam the stairway down which the seventy-seven first victims, ranging from 10 to 15 years of age, rushed.

The Montreal fire affords opportunity for reflection for a better realization of the importance of

maintaining clear and unobstructed exits—for discipline in our schools and amusement halls. And this reference to the Canadian tragedy serves as a fitting prelude to what happened at Hanna on Christmas night, where a Community Christmas tree celebration was held in the opera house.

The realization that an accident is always a possibility was uppermost in the mind of Superintendent Thomas H. Butler, who assisted in the work of preparing for the celebration on Christmas Eve. Mr. Butler's care and foresight is well expressed in the following excerpt taken from a routine report written by Safety Engineer J. A. Smith. Mr. Smith said:

"In connection with the fire, or probably better, events preceding the fire, I wish to say a word of commendation for Superintendent Butler for the extreme care he took in handling this community gathering in which so many children were involved. Before the program, Mr. Butler took the stage and, while assuring them against possibility of fire, warned them against panic in case it should exist and to walk quietly to the exits. As an additional protection, he had all exits tested and opened and men stationed in all aisles to assist and direct in case of emergency.

"In the light of this and other events, I am convinced that community gatherings, especially the Christmas trees, shall be given more safety consideration in the future than in the past."

Two and one-half hours after the children had passed out with their gifts, and thirty minutes after the lights were dimmed by the manager, Mr. Love, the building broke into flames, and under the driving force of a heavy wind, total destruction took place within a brief period. Perhaps it was this sense of personal and individual responsibility shown by Superintendent Butler that made it possible for Hanna Mines 2 and 4 to go through 1926 without a single fatal accident. There is ample food for thought in the Montreal tragedy. Let us not forget to **THINK, THINK, THINK!**

Boy Scout Fathers and Sons Banquet

By J. I. Williams, Scoutmaster

THE BOY Scout Fathers and Sons Banquet of Rock Springs was held at the Methodist Church, Thursday evening, December 30th, 1926. It was a very successful affair. Everybody had an excellent time.

A splendid program was given by the Scouts prior to the Banquet, as follows: Opening song, "America;" Invocation, Rev. Burt; Piano Solo, Scout Vernon Ward; Violin Solo, Senior Patrol Leader Sylvan Ward; Songs, Scout Cornford and father; Cornet Trio, Scouts Sellers, Overy and Fowkes. As a concluding number, the boys presented a short play entitled "A Strenuous Afternoon." This was a real demonstration of what Scouting is. It was presented in a pleasing manner and enjoyed by all.

The most inspiring ceremony of the evening was the awarding of an Eagle Scout Badge to Willard Feldscher. Eagle Scout Feldscher is the first boy of Sweetwater County to be awarded an Eagle Scout Badge. This is the highest rank in Scouting.

After the program, the crowd adjourned to the basement of the church where tables were spread and an excellent luncheon served. Troop V Girl Scouts, under the able direction of Mrs. Burt, served the luncheon. The girls were complimented by all for the excellent, efficient manner in which they handled the crowd.

After dinner there were toasts by men and boys as follows: Oscar Feldscher, father of Eagle Scout Feldscher, responded with words of encouragement to the scouts; Mr. Pryde said that the Council was back of the Scout movement and that its members would do all they could to help the Scout movement so long as the boys did their part. Others who responded were Rev. R. Burt; Scout Miller with a saxophone solo; Dr. Breighan; Scoutmaster Yates from Green River; Scoutmaster Carlson from Winton; Mr. Scott; Mr. Brown of Los Angeles; Scouts Young and Ward, with a violin duet. Taps was sung and the Scout Oath repeated by all, after which Rev. E. L. Anderson dismissed with prayer.

Initiative

THE WORLD bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. And that is Initiative. What is Initiative? I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia: those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion.

Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story.

Then, still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he happens to have a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

To which class do you belong?

—Elbert Hubbard.

Robert Burns

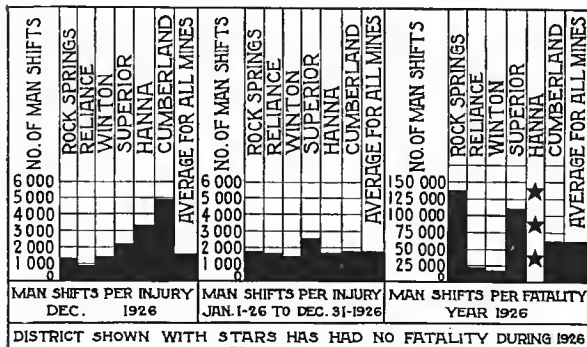
(Continued from page 42)

that a fellow member of a military company to which both belonged came to visit Burns and find out his wishes with regard to the funeral and as he started to leave, Burns bade him good-bye and said, "John, you won't let the awkward squad fire the volley over my grave, will you?"

As his wife sat beside his bed they talked over many things, but the things uppermost in the mind of Burns' wife was the neglect of his old time friends, but Burns said to her, "Never mind, Jean, in a hundred years from now we'll be respected like the rest of them." And surely his prophecy has been fulfilled and who can deny, as he looked far down the years, that he had a vision of the future where people would realize the beauty and excellence of his poetry and would accord in death that measure of homage that his achievements deserved. "The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner," and more and more, as years go by, the life and work of Robert Burns has gained recognition far and wide. Wherever the English tongue is spoken people tonight are celebrating the birthday of a great Scotchman, one who sang in a universal language, that all might understand today his fame is secure and his name and achievements will live through the years and the centuries.



December Accident Graph



IN SUBMITTING the final graph for the year 1926, an analysis of the figures brings forth the realization that there is much left that could be desired. In some respects our general averages show improvement; while in others, especially that of fatal accidents, we are much below the figures of 1925. During 1925 but five actual fatalities occurred, a sixth death occurring as a result of injuries sustained some three years previously. During 1926, eight deaths occurred, or three more than the previous year, with the tonnage production and man shifts worked, almost the same.

Three mining districts went through the year 1925 without a fatality, while in 1926 but one district, Hanna, finished the year with its death record in stars. For Hanna, this record is the more creditable, as there is no district working under more adverse conditions.

Our figures for non-fatal accidents, however, show a great improvement over last year or for any previous period. In 1925 there were recorded 305 non-fatal accidents or one accident for each 1,571 men shifts worked. During the past twelve months, there have been 250 injuries entailing a seven day or more loss of time or one injury for each 1,994 man shifts, an increase of 24 per cent. Every district with the one exception of Reliance, showed a reduction in the accident rate.

1926 witnessed another very commendable feat that bears chronicling in these columns. During the last five and one-half months of the year, more than a quarter of a million man shifts were worked and 1,470,000 tons of coal were produced without a fatal accident, truly a record of which we are proud.

All evidence points to the fact that the fatalistic attitude that a certain number of deaths must occur and that accidents will happen just so often, is rapidly passing from the coal industry. Coal mines can be and will be made as safe and free from injuries as railroads or many other manufacturing industries.

It is apparent that the workmen are realizing more and more the dangers and the causes of injuries and are using common sense measures in averting them.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found an article announcing prizes to be given districts and individuals for safety performances during the ensuing year. They are offered with the hope that they will serve as daily reminders and that when 1927 is past that our accidents will show an even greater decrease than did 1926.

The Accident Record for 1926

DURING the year 1926, a total of eight fatal accidents occurred in the Wyoming mines of The Union Pacific Coal Company; the Tono mine of the Washington Union Coal Company suffering no fatalities. The production of coal in our Wyoming mines totaled 2,776,245 tons and the detail of the eight deaths as shown below offers material for serious reflection.

1926	Occupation	Age	Nature of Accident
Jan. 13	Miner	41	Haulage, defective coupling
Feb. 4	Inside laborer	42	Crushed between car and rib
Mar. 23	Car repairer	34	By railroad car on surface
May 10	Loader	33	Fall of rock
May 18	Loader	31	Fall of rock
June 2	Miner	23	Fall of coal
July 12	Miner	54	Fall of top coal
July 24	Miner	32	Fell off moving pit car

It will be observed that six fatal accidents occurred to men employed in loading coal at the face, one to an inside laborer and one to a man employed on surface work. Four of the eight deaths were due to falls of coal and rock, and the average age of the men killed was but 36 years, less than one half of their adult working period; a total of 11 dependents left behind.

The startling lesson that the roster of fatal accidents in 1926 teaches, is that while 8 deaths occurred in the period, January 1st to July 24th, inclusive, 205 calendar days, (a death for each 25.6 days), not a single fatal accident occurred in the remaining 160 days of 1926, during which a total of 1,470,000 tons of coal was produced with 242,000 man shifts.

We have so far dealt only with fatal accidents, the record for the first half of 1926 definitely bad, for the last half infinitely better; we cannot say "good" where death is involved. The progress made toward the elimination of accidents, fatal and non-fatal, is well expressed in the measure of improvement in total man shifts worked per reportable accident for the last half of 1926, compared with the cumulative record for the 18 months preceding, the record on a man-shift basis first established January 1, 1925.

District	Man Shifts Per Injury		Per Cent of Increase
	Jan. 1, 1925 to June 30, 1926	July 1, 1926 to Dec. 31, 1926	
Superior	1828	3166	73.19
Hanna	1294	2235	72.72
Winton	1491	1948	30.65
Rock Springs	1506	1930	28.15
Cumberland	1924	2348	22.04
Reliance	1434	1616	12.69
Average	1573	2165	37.58

A study of the above comparison will show the extraordinary improvement made in our Superior and Hanna mines and Hanna in particular, the Hanna mines moving from sixth place to second place. It will be understood that this comparison is not alone based on the best record but on the greatest measure of improvement shown over the past record for each individual group of mines; the prize pennant going to the group making the best record, and 100 readable books going to the group showing the

most improvement over its own individual record for the preceding period. For the last half of 1926 Superior won both the pennant and the 100 books, that district likewise winning both prizes for the first half year period in 1926.

The foregoing summary will serve to present the accident situation for the year ending December 31, 1926, and will, we are sure, bring to the minds of all, the fact that life and limb can be made safer if we all try.

December Accidents

Miner—Was standing near a loaded car. A piece of rock fell from side of room neck, striking foot and spraining ankle.

Machine-man—While machine was running, pin on side sheave block broke, pin flying and striking him on hand.

Carpenter—Was planing a piece of wood on planing machine. A knot in the wood caused it to turn on its side and his thumb was cut and lacerated by planer.

Tracklayer—Was helping timberman lift cross bar into place. It rolled off the legs, and in falling he was caught beneath it, receiving a scalp wound.

Miner—While mining in pillar, a piece of rock fell bruising back and hip.

Loader—Fall of coal from face of room struck prop, dislodging it. When prop fell it struck him in face.

Miner—Was struck by a piece of coal that fell from rib, bruising leg.

Miner—Was pushing coal down chute. His shovel caught in chute iron, resulting in a sprained wrist.

Electricians helper—Was assisting in straightening a bent shaft. While striking the shaft with a sledge hammer, the shaft struck him on foot, bruising ankle.

Loader—Was using a jack to re-rail a car. As he attempted to put a tie under car, the jack slipped, allowing car to settle back. His hand was caught and he received a severe contusion of wrist.

Loader—In attempting to couple a loaded car to trip, his hand was caught between bumpers. Severe laceration of thumb.

Machine-man—While machine was cutting, jack pipe fell striking him on foot, causing contusion and fracture of two small bones of foot.

Miner—A small piece of coal flew from pick point, striking him in eye.

Loader—A large piece of coal fell from loaded car, striking him on foot.

Laborer—Was assisting rope runner. His foot caught on a frog and he fell, bruising shoulder and spraining ankle.

Driver—Was coupling car and was squeezed about chest and shoulders.

Timberman—Was cleaning space preparatory to setting prop. A piece of rock fell, striking him and fracturing nose and so lacerating left little finger that amputation was necessary.

Machine-man—While operating cutting machine at face, a piece of rock fell lacerating head and fracturing arm.

First Aiders—Attention

PLANS are being developed to make 1927 a bigger and better year in First Aid and Mine Rescue.

The annual field meet which will be held either the latter part of July or early in August will be expanded and made better than ever before. There will be more teams entered, including the fast Tono aggregation, which showed at San Francisco to be one of the best teams in the United States, who are coming determined to demonstrate the superiority of salt-laden breezes to sage brush-laden atmosphere as a producer of first aiders.

Both Boy and Girl Scouts will have teams and while

the ladies have not definitely decided relative to wearing breathing apparatus in the mine rescue events, it is a certainty that there will be enough ladies' teams to give the men a merry run for the money.

There will be brass bands *à la* and something doing every minute.

Detailed plans will be formulated and announced in these columns at an early date.

Boy Scout First Aid Contest

HEIGHO all you Boy Scouts! Don't you wish you could know just how hard everybody is working on their First Aid in preparation for the Contest? Of course, you know how you're working and though the Reporter never tells the other fellow's secrets, it's fair enough to say that the team which wins the trip to Salt Lake City will surely have to keep working and practicing along—that you will meet teams worthy of every bit of effort you can put into your preparation.

Instructors are asking for—and getting too—the serious effort of every Scout. Eliga Daniels, one of the finest instructors in the State and veteran of many a hard-fought First Aid Contest, has several teams in Rock Springs.

Red Gardiner of Reliance has a splendid group of Scouts working away, and even the Scottish celebration of Burns' birthday failed to interest Instructor Archie Auld of Winton when it conflicted with First Aid practice. Scoutmaster Carlson is always on deck too—with enthusiastic assistance.

In Superior, Instructor Adam Flockhart and Scoutmaster Callahan, with their large troop, have marvelous material from which to choose a team.

Andy Royce of Hanna, who instructed the Girl Scouts to victory last year, knows his boys will be as keen and sustained workers as were the girls, and though Cumberland, as usual, isn't saying much a First Aid team from Cumberland, especially one taught by Pete Boam, will be something to watch out for.

The Reporter repeats that the First Aid teams will contest against foemen worthy of every inch of steel you can put into your practice and into your Scouting. The contest will try your mettle.

And, too, someone told the Reporter about the things which are to be arranged to make that trip to Salt Lake interesting. And isn't it true that a trip of any sort is heaps of fun if it comes after long and sustained effort—like school holidays. The trip to Salt Lake City will be a humdinger and the honor of winning it something to work for.

The Song of the Dollar

"Dug from the mountain side, washed in the glen,
Servant am I or the master of men.
Earn me I bless you, steal me I curse you,
Grip me and hold me, a friend shall possess you,
Lie for me, die for me, covet me, take me,
Angel or devil, I am what you make me."

Of Course

The teacher had been giving a lesson on the reindeer—its haunts, habits and uses. One little chap was not paying the slightest attention, so the teacher pounced on him.

"Now, what is the use of the reindeer?" she asked him. The startled youngster looked up, paused and then replied: "Please, ma'am, it makes things grow."

An Irreparable Loss

Sandy McIntosh had just returned from a trip to the old country.

"Ye promised us," said his youngest son sadly, "that ye'd send us a penny postcard frae Edinburgh, faither, and ye didna do so."

"Aye," admitted Sandy, "and it was ma ain fault, lad. I went and lost it."

My Experience in the Alaskan Gold Rush of 1897, or An Episode of the North

THE following story was told by Mr. John O. Holen, Superintendent of The Union Pacific Coal Company's Mines at Reliance, Wyoming. The scene is laid in Canadian Alaska, latitude 64 deg. North. Mrs. H. A. Lawrence took down the story as it was told by Mr. Holen, Mr. Harry Lawrence typed it for the printer and to another Reliance friend, Mr. Phil Sturholm, our readers are indebted for the cartoons illustrating this true and perhaps tragic saga, told by a man who knows the North.

WILL you bear with me kind reader and let me tell my story in my own way? In this day and age when it takes a whole lot to gain an audience, I 'spect I'm taking a grim chance of gaining a listener,—nothing ventured nothing gained we're told—so I am taking that chance, and, being a bit old fashioned, (I'll admit it) it dawned on me very recently that there were a lot of new fangled recreations I had passed up so far—vacations of one kind or another for instance. And before I had decided on my destination or route, I had transportation tendered me over the "Flu Line." Now I had heard a lot about this comparatively new line and route and felt I had better form my own opinion—I did—and I found it the roughest road bed through the hottest zones and with jolts that would fairly make you crazy.

You can't change the habits of years—bodily I was on a so-called vacation, but did you ever notice that the old grey matter gets on the job and works over-time? Well mine did and it started me back in memories to a trip that I took in 1897, where I made what I call my most regrettable miss, but also what I think my most appreciable hit.

Now switch on your imagination if you can and see in your mind's eye three would-be prospectors, namely Mr. E. S. Brooks, Fred Hole and your Humble Servant (the perpetrator of this yarn), who by the way had proved himself a marksman or no poor ability.

We three, equipped with an eighteen months' supply of provisions, landed among the ice flows at the mouth of Stewart River in the Alaskan Territory on October 10, 1897—the Yukon River at that time is closed to navigation.

Of course our first duty was to hunt a home, and that is the funny part of it though, there were none on the market, it is make your own or take mother earth's provisions, and it is worse than war time, all days are "Coal-Less Days." It was up to us—so we built a temporary cabin to house us and our provisions. We were only going to be temporary inhabitants—we were hunting for richer fields, as this part of the river had been prospected for gold with poor results.

My ardor was not to be cooled, neither the enthusiasm of my two companions. We must have a conveyance for our supplies. There being no Ford agency at hand, we must build our own dray, which we did, and ours carried sleeping bags, tools, shovels, ricks, axes, cooking outfits and rifles, and did not "holler" for gas and water every few miles either. I will say, though, it did need a lot of man power, as we had just a good old fashioned sled as you can see by the picture.

We started up a tributary of Stewart River called Henderson Creek, just fourteen miles from where we had started from. We were tired and decided to make camp. We intended to resume our tramp in the A. M., so did not pitch tents. We had lots of good fire wood and laid down to pleasant dreams as best we could. The next A. M. we resumed our trek and had gone but three miles up this tributary of Henderson Creek when we met up with an old prospector, John Kinkanna, by name. This man hailed from California parts—what his character, aim or past life were, we cared not. We were all pals irrespective—in this great northern country.

John had been in these regions for some time prospecting and had struck what he considered a very good prospect. He took to us kindly and advised us to stop and locate claims as stampeders were imminent and would stake out all the ground.

We decided to take his advice and located just one mile off this tributary. Each location was two hundred feet in length from rim rock to rim rock. This locality was ours from point of discovery and must be named. Our location posts were old moose horns which we had picked up along the creek and posted names on, so we christened this territory "Moose Horn Creek."

Having named the place, the next thing was to build a cabin and take up our residence for the winter months. It is most important that one have a substantial hanging-out quarters, as the mercury is hibernating and is out of sight for months at a time. This job we completed on Thanksgiving day, 1897, and we considered we had a lot to be thankful for, we had no turkey or other frills but our "goose hung high," for out of doors the temperature was 72 degrees below zero, and a warm house was something to be mighty thankful for.

The next day we bestirred ourselves and returned to the mouth of the Stewart River for the supplies which we were minus. In this country, where fruit and vegetables are an unknown quantity, meat is most necessary, a dearth of which is responsible for a sickness known as "scurvy." You have heard of a scurvy trick, have you not? Now you know where it got its name).

When we were all getting a bit fed up on each other's company, we made a trip to the Island and met up with a man whom all the Old timers of the U. P. Coal Company know and take their hats off to, namely, Jim Needham. He and several other men, including a doctor, were located here for the winter. The doctor had contracted scurvy and we were told could not get well without the aid of fresh meat. "Well," sez I, "It is up to me," and on our return to our cabin on Moose Horn Creek I decided I would hie me forth and kill a moose or two for the benefit of the sick. There were many besides



There being no Ford agency at hand we built our own dray.

the doctor on Henderson Creek and the Island badly in need of fresh meat.

On November 29th I started out in from three to five feet of snow. That snow was so cold and so light you could scarcely feel it next to your body—every few feet I would stub my toe on a hollow tree, measure my length in the snow and so clear the ground for from five to ten feet. I found this a very good stunt in hunting the balance of the winter. I saw lots of moose but was unable to get within shot of these monarch of the north, (you see fish stories are of no avail up here, you can't buy a string of moose and swear they are your own catch). I was disappointed I'll admit, that I could not produce.

Next morning Brooks, his rifle all ready for action, said, "Come on John, I'll show you how to get a moose." I accepted his invitation with alacrity, as I had promised myself to get fresh meat for the sick as well as for ourselves. We left the cabin before daybreak, armoured with a sandwich apiece, and arrived at the end of my cleared road at ten o'clock, or about daylight, where we separated. I continued making my road in the same direction I had formerly trekked. I had much better walking but made no visible road (I was on the summit where there were less wind falls and obstructions to walking). About two o'clock I saw my first moose but at a distance of two hundred feet with a tree between us. With every nerve aquiver I made all needed preparations, resting my rifle against the tree to be positive of my shot, but you see I had been traveling at least five hours, working up a good perspiration. I had taken off my mittens and carried my rifle in my naked hand and the steel barrel of the rifle became warm, and with the fine snow and frost in the barrel it was frozen and choked, and when I shot, the rifle broke at the bridge block—the barrel went towards the moose some fifteen or twenty feet, the stock of the rifle went about the same distance in the opposite direction—"Oh, Death Where is Thy Sting"—I could imagine that that moose was jeering at me.

Well I recovered the two parts of the rifle, resurrected my watch from some part of my body and tried to collect my thoughts and get my bearings. To face grim reality it was two o'clock, five hours from home and exactly forty minutes to black night, and here was "Yours truly" with no workable fire arm, only a small hatchet (and I am no "George Washington") between me and eighteen



When I shot the barrel went toward the moose and the stock went in the opposite direction.



I found myself atop one of my fires with the whole back of my mackinaw, the seat of my pants and some of my underclothes burned to a crisp.

hours of black night, with the thermometer at 72 degrees below zero. I had plenty of young manhood but nothing to eat—enough to cool anyone's ardor and surely not a very good prospect for a restful night. But I had to take a brace—a start had to be made and the general direction for home taken. Following the same road I had come previously I could find no trace of the old road, darkness overtook me, I was lost and fully realized my predicament. In the Stewart River Country there is no twilight, night descends like the turning off of a light in a room. During the months of December and January the world is in total darkness as far as that part of the world is concerned, unless there is a moon, and as fortune would have it, the moon was off duty that night.

My first job was to get a spruce tree, which was very little trouble as the low temperature made them so brittle they broke like an icicle. All I had to do was to take hold of the tree with one hand, sometimes it would break into many pieces by cutting at the roots with the hatchet. My first tree down my fertile brain told me it would make an excellent broom, (all rights reserved, home magazines permitted rights on application) so I started making a clearing for my fire. The limbs of those trees were as combustible as the gasoline furnished by the Standard Oil Company of today. My job was on, and for eighteen hours I plodded from one tree to another, piling twigs onto my fire, each tree serving for a torch for the next one I felled. One little respite I got when at about twelve o'clock I had accumulated enough to tide me over for a few hours—I felt I had earned a rest and sat down to take stock of my surroundings. I was both weary and sleepy—I must have dozed off when suddenly I found myself on my back atop one of my fires with the whole back of my Mackinaw coat, the seat of my pants and some of my underclothes burned to a crisp. I called in the fire department in the shape of a snow bank before the fire had taken any more liberties with my cherished wardrobe. Too bad movies were not then the fad, they would have had "a close-up" of a man in action, and furthermore I had an audience, for all the wolves and wolverines in the Stewart Country assembled to inspect my fires and look over this new species that had invaded their domain. Thereupon they regaled me with a music which I hope never to hear again—yells in the treble—growls in the base—a mighty good thing my hair was

safely under my cap, otherwise it would have been on end. At any rate all thoughts of sleeping were banished and at daybreak, or at about ten o'clock the next A. M., I found my bearings and started for my cleared road and found my good friend Brooks with a lunch; he had been out hunting for me, feeling certain I would be hungry and of course in need of a rope to tow in my moose.

He looked me over—of course you know I was not intact, I really presented a sorry figure with my burned and tattered coat and pants and no game to crow about even. Didn't some cartoonist dwell on a species where the gist of it all was "When a Feller Needs a Friend?" Well I could have been an original subject.

I needed sympathy—did I get it? No, my good friend, after he looked me over and heard my harrowing experience, started dancing some kind of a dance on his head, then on his feet, then rolled over and laughed. He thought it funny—I didn't—I finally put my foot on his solar plexis and informed him I had had no breakfast, dinner or supper and could not see the funny side of it. This brought him back to normalcy; he proffered me a sandwich, which made me more optimistic and we both trailed back to our cabin and to a good old breakfast of hot cakes, bacon and coffee. Reaction set in and I made up for lost time and slept until my partner Brooks called me the following morning.

Till then I had not realized what a deplorable sight I presented—my clothes were burned beyond repair—I had only brought one suit of Mackinaws. I resurrected my war bag but the contents were not adapted to temperatures of 70 below zero. I only had three pairs of overalls, three jumpers, three suits of underclothes, two pairs of buckskin moccasins, but plenty of woolen socks and mittens. One pair of overalls and one jumper are inadequate—two pairs of overalls and two jumpers too much. Too many clothes make you too warm and you perspire profusely, your clothes get damp and the moment you stop work, wherever you may be, you chill, your clothes, being damp with perspiration, turn to ice, and if you are not handy to a fire or near a warm cabin, you may not get thawed out until next summer or until the first steam boat up the Yukon River delivers you to your home in the States, or wherever your home may be which is the last of an unprepared man.

No great loss without some small gain. I may be



He thought it funny—I didn't. I finally put my foot on his solar plexis and informed him I had had no breakfast, dinner or supper.

shorn of my regular plumage—a jolt like that puts you on your mettle—and this is where I won my first degree, namely "sour dough". You don't care for the title no doubt: well it is more costly won than a lot of so-called high degrees, I can assure you. Firstly you have to show initiative, secondly you have to measure up, and thirdly you have got to have a sense of humor.

Well I qualified by making an overcoat out of a linen sheet—they call it a Parka and it is a first cousin to an overgrown night shirt with a hood attached for covering the head. It must be made large and so shaped that it will keep Jack Frost from peering in. With this garment on over your other clothes, which would consist of overalls and jumper, it would give you ample protection against cold when working or traveling, and with these few clothes you have on, your body does not perspire and the chances for freezing are minimized.

I finished my dressmaking, namely the constructing of my Parka, on December 4th, and on December 5th I sallied forth with Fred Hole's rifle this time, which was the same make as the one I had had such a disastrous time with. Live and learn, though this time I didn't carry my rifle in my naked hand—luck seemed against me though and all day I hunted without any success. I started towards camp, as I wanted to get there before dark, when at a distance of less than a quarter of a mile from camp I ran into three large moose within a hundred feet from where I stood. Of course I made a killing and the three of them were mine.

Didn't I say at the beginning of this tale that I would tell you of my most regrettable miss (forget that end of it) and also my most appreciable hit? Doesn't the last named over-balance the first? Well the moose I killed on this expedition provided meat for all the scurvey-ridden natives on Stewart River Island and Henderson Creek, and left three tons of meat for food. My friends the wolverines relieved me of a surplus nevertheless.

Did you ever see a wolverine? No, it is no relation to the crack special on the Michigan Central Railroad. I may describe it in a few words. This animal is also known as a "skunk bear"—as in color and stripes it resembles our common skunk. It is built and acts like a bear, with the exception of its appetite, which is out of all proportion to any other four legged animal. The wolverine will eat two times its own weight in fresh meat each day, or one hundred and fifty pounds, and they certainly lived up to their reputation as regards to my three moose.

As you know, all hunters, after shooting any large animal, bleed it to the best of their ability. I did my duty to the three moose, and then went back to the first animal to make a more thorough job, saving such parts as the heart, liver, tongue and snout. The snout weighs about seven or eight pounds and is the choicest bit of the whole animal.

The dressing of one moose was a good day's job, and as night approached I gathered the particular meat delicacies together into a sack and set out for camp. That night we made up for lost time and feasted on moose liver and bacon.

I wonder, did you ever see a cabin like ours? Well, it was twelve by eighteen feet with a ridge pole of twenty-six or seven feet long. The ridge pole stuck out some four or five feet at each end of the cabin and about ten feet from the ground. On the west end of this ridge pole Brooks hung up the sack containing the meaty parts of the moose. Some time during the night my friends the wolverines stole the sack of meat from off the ridge pole and carried it about seventy-five feet, where they had their feast and left me nothing but the empty sack. From there they proceeded up the creek to the place where I had killed my three moose and finished up their meal by eating the entrails of the two remaining moose, but not touching the carcass. No first class butcher could have done a neater job, and unknowingly they helped us out, as the next day the meat was frozen and all we had to



I made a parka out of a linen sheet.

do was to quarter the animals. We cut the neck of the moose close to the fore-shoulder and near the horns. This part of the neck will weigh from two to three hundred pounds and is the choicest part of the moose. This work of quartering and cutting up completed, our next job was to get the meat to the cabin. The four of us, Brooks, Kinkanna, Hole and myself, lost no time in transferring the meat and hanging it up on the ridge pole.

Here, it occurred to me, is where I will pay off my little debt to the wolverines. I would set a trap for the greedy beasts under the meat—a good bait. They apparently had more intellect than I gave them credit for, nary a wolverine did I catch, but in turn they didn't dine off any more of our precious catch.

On December 7th the three of us loaded for bear with moose meat started out on our trip of mercy. We proceeded to Stewart River Island, leaving notices on Henderson Creek that we had moose meat a plenty at our cabin on Moose Horn Creek for all and that there would be no charge. Even in the far north one rarely gets anything for nothing and moose meat at that time was selling for two dollars per pound in Dawson City and was mighty scarce at that.

In less than ten days after our trip to the Island our supply of moose had diminished to the point where we only had left parts of the neck of the three animals. This in reality is the best meat but is not pleasing to the eye. Human nature cropping out here as everywhere, the natives took the more appetizing portions, especially as there was no charge. It would seem they eat with their eyes, even up in Alaska.

Upon arriving on the Stewart River Island that night we went directly to the doctor's cabin, where we left our packs of meat. The doctor took charge of the cutting it up. He himself was ill with scurvy. He cut great pieces of meat just as the frost had left it and devoured it without cooking or seasoning it. "Sounds cannibalish," I hear you say. Well, I speak from experience. If you eat raw moose meat aplenty you will have the scurvy on the run, and without aid of doctors and nurses. We had a doctor but he was the victim, his advice was eat plentifully of raw meat,—he took his own medicine and his word was taken as Gospel by everyone, and he knew whereof he spoke.

Well that's that, and now to return to business and

find out just where we stood on prospecting our claims. We were well provided with meat and provisions and must busy ourselves ascertaining the value of our diggings.

It seems I was yet due for another thrill—my friend the wolverine and I were to renew our acquaintance. Someone had set a trap (not guilty) close to the road just where I had killed my first moose. This wolverine was not as wary as his comrades and had got caught in the trap and on the way to one of my prospects I came upon him. I was not looking for trouble, I am a peaceful man as a general run, as you already know. I had no gun or weapon of any kind, unless you could call the small axe one, which I was toting to cut my firewood. But it was up to me to meet my wolverine friend half way. I examined my axe and cheerfully admitted to myself that in a rough and tumble scrap with the beast I would most certainly get the worst of it. I took my courage in my hands, backed the wolf up until the chain on the trap which was fastened to a small pole, got fast on the ground and until my axe was within striking distance of the beast's head. This is the one and only time I have ever known of a beast committing suicide, for just as I was posed and ready to strike with my axe, the animal made a plunge at me, collided with my axe and fell dead at my feet (no, it is not a story from Grimm's Fairy Tales, but actual truth I swear).

I had wanted fur to trim my Parka, here I had it, wonderful fur,—the pelt of the wolverine is four or five inches long with about one and one-fourth inch of very heavy fur next to the hide, the long hair protruding



The wolverine made a lunge at me, collided with my ax and fell dead at my feet.

beyond the shorter fur, thus protecting the hide from the cold. What was good for the wolverine was good for me. I cut the fur into strips, decorated the hood and sleeves of my Parka, and with plenty to spare, I put it around the bottom as well; this protects your feet from the cold.

All set for action now. My enemies the wolverines taught a lesson—plenty to eat, warm and cozy cabin and dreams of future wealth.

Did I realize those dreams?

Well, that is another story.

Engineering Department

The Use of Battery Locomotives in Underground Haulage

(This is the third of a series of articles on Underground Haulage. Subsequent articles will appear in later issues.)

Kirk V. Cammack

AS WE stated in a previous article, the Jeffrey shipped their first storage battery locomotive in 1910 and by 1911 their motors had aroused wide spread interest. Other companies began to investigate the possibilities of this type of mine haulage and by 1920 no less than 15 large companies were manufacturing some type of battery locomotive. Chief of these companies were the Atlas Car & Manufacturing Co., General Electric Co., Goodman Manufacturing Co., Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., The Ironton Engine Co., and the Mancha Storage Battery Co.

These motors ranged in size from two to ten tons gross weight including the weight of the battery. The cost varied according to the type and size of the battery used. This choice of a battery largely depended upon the working conditions the motor was built for, that is, the grade, gauge of track, length of trip, degree of continuity of operation, weight of train, speed of operation, etc. In coal mines the wider range of track gauge will usually permit greater battery capacity than is generally possible in metal mines with their narrow track gauges from 24 inches to 34 inches it is difficult to equip locomotives with more than a 5 or 6 K. W. hour battery capacity per ton weight and the cost varies according to the type of battery selected.

The type of batteries used is largely restricted to two classes; first the Edison nickel iron alkaline battery, second the lead plate battery. The lead battery usually consists of a positive plate of peroxide of lead (PbO_2), supported on a grid of pure lead and a negative plate of sponge lead, also supported by a pure lead grid. Both of these plates are submerged in a solution of dilute sulphuric acid (H_2SO_4) known as the electrolyte. The positive plate of the battery is called the anode and the negative plate the cathode. In charging a battery of this type the anode becomes strongly oxidized, its surface being coated with a dark brown lead compound. When after being charged the battery is connected with a receiving circuit the action is reversed, the oxide on the plate being reduced to plain lead again as the current discharges. In the Edison storage battery (See figure 1) the anode or positive plate when charged is composed of nickel peroxide (NO_2) and the cathode (negative pole) of iron. The electrolyte (the solution in which the plates are immersed) is composed of caustic potash. Its action on being charged is similar to the lead battery as the nickel peroxide becomes partly reduced (converted to pure nickel) while the iron becomes partially oxidized (united with the oxygen). All parts of the Edison, both the frame upon which the plates are mounted and the jar or container, are made of nickel-plated pressed steel.

In cost, the Edison battery can be installed at a little

less than twice as much as a lead battery of the same capacity. It is sold under a conditional ten-year guarantee, but its average life under hard mine use is around seven years. In this respect Edison cells are far sturdier than lead cells, but the charging efficiency is not nearly so high. The steel casing must also be kept constantly painted, and even then it is liable to be destroyed by rust if the battery becomes wet under atmospheric conditions or is carelessly handled while the cells are being re-filled with water. It is also claimed that the Edison battery does not depreciate during long periods of idleness, that is, it may be let stand idle charged or discharged over long periods of time without requiring attention other than keeping the solution over the plates. Lead batteries, on the other hand, require a slow, weekly charge during periods of idleness. When the two types are compared as to weight and cost, lead batteries are found to weigh approximately 50 per cent more than Edison batteries, while the latter will occupy about one-tenth more space. A chassis equipped with lead batteries will therefore have a greater working weight than when equipped with Edi-

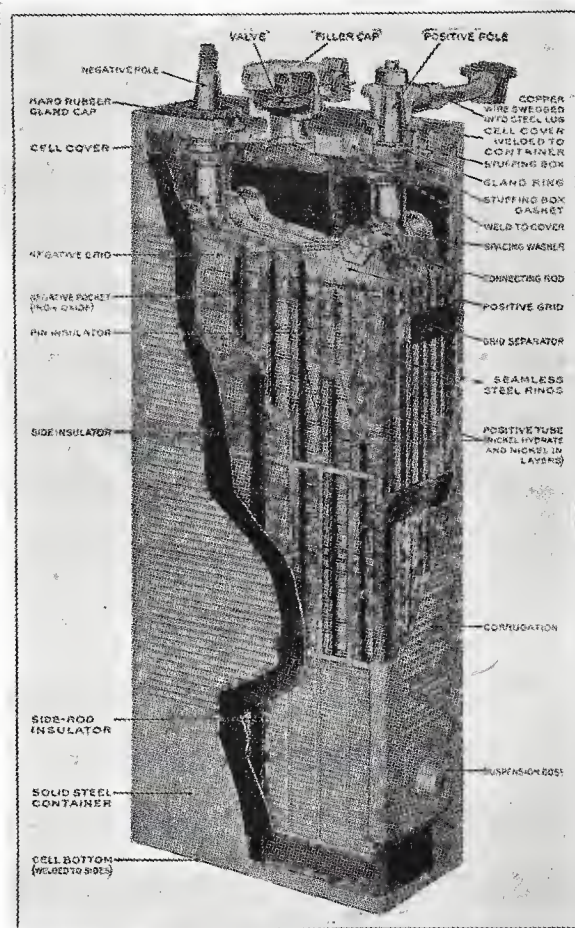


Figure 1.

son batteries. The average life of a lead battery varies from one to four years, depending on the use they are subjected to.

In charging either type of these batteries, if the charging is being done from an A.C. line, a motor generator set is necessary with a motor corresponding to the A.C. characteristics and a generator built to deliver direct current at the required charging voltage. If more than one set of batteries is to be charged at the same time, each battery set must have an individual auxiliary charging panel, the main switch board containing only the instruments that control the motor. For charging from a D.C. line a rheostat is necessary on each charging panel to reduce the line voltage to charging requirements. Each system is fully automatic, as the battery is equipped with a cut-out that works as soon as the battery is charged, and as soon as the last battery is cut out the motor generator set stops running. This is accomplished by having the circuit breaker equipped so that enough of a drop in the line voltage to cause the battery to discharge into the line will open it and keep it open until the line voltage returns to normal again.

The chief advantages of the storage battery locomotives over the trolley types are as follows:

THERE is no construction expense beyond a charging panel which must be readily accessible. Central charging stations may be established in flat deposits, while dipping seams require a charging panel on each entry unless the motor equipment is small enough to be moved from level to level by the hoist. No bonded track or trolley is necessary, and the motor can be moved readily to any part of the mine when there is track without the stringing of trolley wire. This absence of trolley wire and bonds greatly cuts down the fire and accident hazards and makes the service extremely flexible. The motor may also be used at any time in the mine, irrespective of whether the other power is cut off or not, and no time is lost in their operation in changing trolley poles, making connections, etc.

*One large mining company where only trolley locomotives are used is quoted as follows: "The operation of the storage battery locomotive in the mines has been found to be particularly advantageous. The absence of the trolley wire and track bonding has saved considerable money, not only because of the cost of maintenance but because of the constant cost of advancing trolley wire in the crosscuts and entries as development work progresses. The ability of the locomotive over temporary tracks has resulted in a large saving of manual labor; this feature alone eliminating the pushing of cars by hand from the face to the main haulage way. It has been found that the cost of trolley wire and track bonding installation on long hauls is about equal to a set of storage batteries for a locomotive. Therefore there is little difference in cost between a trolley locomotive and a storage battery locomotive installation * * * the cost of maintenance of the two types of installation has been in favor of the latter, as the labor necessary to keep the trolley wire taut and in repair and the constant repairs of the guard strips over the trolley wire involves large expenditure."

From the foregoing it would seem that battery locomotives would be favored in all mines, but other features must be considered. It is true that in small mines where the run does not exceed over 5,000 feet, battery locomotives can take care of the entire haulage, but the best practice in larger mines is to use the battery locomotive as feeders to main line trolley locomotives; for the battery locomotive has certain definite limitations. They can be used only in concentrated work and for comparatively intermittent service on moderate grades, and are not built for continuous operation such as pulling heavy trains over long runs and up steep grades. This is distinctly the type of work for a trolley locomotive. It is true that the battery locomotive is often put to such service, but at an excessive cost and only through ignorance of the proper locomotive needed for the task.

*Trans. A.I.M.M.E., Vol. 68, P. 101.

The Incandescent Lamp

D. C. McKeehan

THE birthplace of the Incandescent Lamp—mentally, at least—was in Rawlins, Wyoming, in 1878. Edison, while sojourning in Rawlins with a party of scientists who had come across the antelope and buffalo-inhabited plains to witness an eclipse, conceived of his "light in a bottle". Upon his return to his laboratories in the East, he soon perfected the fore-runner of today's electric lamps.

No one man should be given the credit for the complete development of the electric incandescent lamp. Throughout the nineteenth century many efforts were made by many workers on both sides of the Atlantic to make a serviceable incandescent lamp, for it was known that a wire could be heated to incandescence by passing sufficient current through it. But the early lamps were impractical and used only in the laboratory in the absence of an inexpensive method of generating electricity.

Another difficulty lay in producing a vacuum and finding some method to prevent the rapid vaporization of the filament. Among those looking for such a method was Edison. He searched the world for some filament material that would resist this vaporization. In 1878 he produced a lamp using a platinum spiral filament which he improved and made more practical about a year later by substitution of a filament of carbonized bamboo fiber which was quite successful.

During the next few years the lamps were further improved and in 1882 they were used in the first multiple central-station systems. But filament vaporization was not entirely eliminated and the interior of the bulb blackened early and this shortened the useful life of the lamp. However, these lamps' with occasional minor improvements were used for some ten years.

It should now be related that in 1881-2 Senator F. E. Warren was the owner of a company in Cheyenne that delivered electric light by wagon and so far as is known this was the only region in the country where electricity was delivered in this manner—like ice or milk. Where the company had customers, but no lines with which to serve them, a wagon load of storage batteries was hauled to the premises. The batteries were hooked up with the house lamps. Many persons thus had their homes illuminated only during some social or other function. Frequently the small-sized electric plant was unable to meet the demand for electricity. The "light wagon" would be hurried to that portion of the city where the demand was greatest, to boost the line voltage or to carry the load for the entire neighborhood.

IN 1891 a carbonized cellulose filament (made by steeping cotton in zinc chloride) which converted it into a gelatinous mass was introduced, and it quickly replaced the bamboo filament. Because it could be made uniform in diameter its life was prolonged, for there were no smaller parts of the filament to heat more quickly than the rest. In the bamboo filament the portion of smallest diameter often burned out very quickly. Gradually other improvements in method and manufacture were introduced, among them the "chemical exhaust" devised by an Italian experimenter in 1895 to better the quality of the lamps and reduce the cost of manufacture. Molded bulbs, similar in many ways to those used today, had been used earlier. In fact, things generally were shaping themselves for an incandescent lamp epoch.

One forerunner of this epoch of much better lamps was the attempt by Welsbach in 1898 to replace the carbon filament with a metal filament of osmium. Tungsten filaments had been used unsuccessfully nine years earlier because the experimenters did not realize the necessity of extreme purity of the metal. Experiments with tantalum had also been conducted after a ductile tantalum was produced. The metalized or graphitized filament lamp, very similar to the carbon creation, was perfected in 1905, on

the discovery that a filament similar to the cellulose carbon filament would assume the electrical properties of a metal when highly heated in an electric furnace. These lamps, called Gem lamps, resembled somewhat the later metal-filament lamps and were more efficient than the carbon lamps.

About this time also, the tantalum-filament lamp was announced. This lamp could be burned at temperatures high enough to produce a still more efficient light. The filament required the metal in a pure state and the purification process was tedious and expensive. In addition, the lamp was often short-lived, for alternating current had a destructive effect on the filament. Efforts to eliminate the short-comings of these lamps were curtailed by the advent of the tungsten incandescent lamp.

IN 1907 the first commercial tungsten-filament lamp, the result of several years of experimentation, was brought out. These first tungsten filaments were very brittle, but lamp development engineers in 1911 had found a way to make tungsten ductile, and the lamps became quite rugged and long-lived. Tungsten ore, which is found in many parts of the world, is converted into the pure metal and made ductile and then drawn into fine wire in which form it is used for lamp filaments. Because practically all the air was removed from the bulb, the radiation of heat was slight. But at high temperature the filament evaporated rather rapidly and deposited as a film of metallic tungsten on the bulb, decreasing the candle-power of the lamp. To make a lamp in which the filament would not vaporize unduly became the problem of research workers. After thousands of experiments, a lamp employing a ductile tungsten filament, but filled with an inert gas, was produced about 1913. Under pressure of the gas the filament resists vaporization more strongly and chemicals added cause the deposit that does form to be practically transparent so that it decreases the candle-power of the lamp only slightly.

A new problem presented itself to the makers of lamps. Practically all of the electrical energy supplied to the filament of an incandescent lamp is transformed into heat energy. The gas used in the first of these gas-filled lamps, although it would not combine chemically with the tungsten filament and thus bring about its deterioration, did radiate and conduct heat away from the glowing filament and thus lowered the lamp's efficiency, either by reducing the brilliancy of the filament or by requiring more current to maintain the required brilliancy of incandescence.

It was known that this conduction and radiation of heat is practically constant in all lamps, irrespective of the size of the filament. So the smaller lamps, with a few exceptions, are now made in the vacuum type, and the high-wattage lamps are gas-filled. The filament loses heat more slowly if the filament construction is compact, and all gas-filled lamps are therefore made with the filament coiled and concentrated in a small space, so that the surface is in contact with the heat radiating and conducting gas. The inert gas used in these lamps is derived from the air and is a mixture of argon and nitrogen.

Tungsten lamps are now manufactured in many sizes, from the tiny wheat-grain lamp, used in surgery to the high wattage moguls used for motion picture projection and for large interiors, such as exhibition halls and gymnasiums. A spectacular development in 1922 was the production of a giant 30,000-watt lamp having a rating of about 100,000 mean spherical candle-power and being the largest incandescent lamp ever made. It has been used for experimental motion-picture work and has not yet been developed on a commercial basis. Years ago it was difficult for the users of lamps to purchase the proper type of lamps for a particular use. But in recent years lamps have been standardized to a remarkable degree. In place of several hundred bases, four sizes of bases now fit every socket in America, aside from those on automobiles.

All incandescent lamps are made in four shapes, the straight-side, pear-shaped, round and tubular, excepting,

of course, decorative lamps and those for special uses. The total production of lamps in 1881 was less than 30,000. The total production of lamps in 1925 was more than 350,000,000. The incandescent lamp is a monument to the so-called quantity production methods of manufacture. A few years ago the industry was split up into many small, fiercely competitive units, all producing lamps of poor quality, and all spending a large share of their income in the competitive battle for business. No company was equipped to carry on the extensive research work essential to solid improvement.

With the grouping of many factories into combinations came the opportunity for "competition in longevity and in efficiency." Today the public gets probably 2,000 per cent more candle-power per dollar than was possible fifteen years ago, and 15 times as much light. To insure quality one manufacturer wastes 50,000 lamps annually in "life tests." The glass bulbs are not allowed to vary .0006 of an inch, the filaments, .00001 of an inch. Lamps frosted inside are among the recent big improvements. This extreme care is based upon a single commercial principal that the better and more economical a product is the more of it can be sold.

Stories About Lincoln

(Continued from page 40)

"And although it has always submitted patiently to whatever of inequality there seemed to be as a matter of actual necessity, its constant working has been a steady progress toward the practical equality of all men.

"Let everyone who really believes, and is resolved, that free society is not and shall not be a failure, and who can conscientiously declare that in the past contest he has done only what he thought best—let every such one have charity to believe that every other one can say as much.

"Thus, let bygones be bygones; let party differences as nothing be, and with steady eye on the real issue, let us inaugurate the good old 'central ideas' of the Republic.

"We can do it. The human heart is with us; God is with us.

"We shall never be able to declare that 'all States as States are equal,' nor yet that 'all citizens are equal,' but to renew the broader, better declaration, including both these and much more, that 'all men are created equal.'"

Lincoln Played Ball

FRANK P. BLAIR of Chicago tells an incident, showing Mr. Lincoln's love for children and how thoroughly he entered into all of their sports:

"During the war my grandfather, Francis P. Blair, Sr., lived at Silver Springs, north of Washington, seven miles from the White House. It was a magnificent place of four or five hundred acres, with an extensive lawn in the rear of the house. The grandchildren gathered there frequently. There were eight or ten of us, our ages ranging from eight to twelve years. Although I was but seven or eight years of age, Mr. Lincoln's visits were of such importance to us boys as to leave a clear impression on my memory. He drove out to the place quite frequently. We boys, for hours at a time, played 'town ball' on the vast lawn, and Mr. Lincoln would join ardently in the sport. I remember vividly how he ran with the children; how long were his strides, and how far his coat-tails stuck out behind, and how we tried to hit him with the ball, as he ran the bases. He entered into the spirit of the play as completely as any of us, and we invariably hailed his coming with delight."

"Fishing always is good five miles farther on."

Who's Who With Us

William K. Lee

Purchasing Agent

THE OLD adage "there is always room at the top" is applicable in the case of the person for whom this brief biography is being penned.

Mr. William K. Lee was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, August 22nd, 1858, where he lived until 1870 when he moved to New York City, attending school there, also a business course in a New Jersey institution. After graduation, he went to New York and was associated with the large store of A. T. Stewart for several years. He came West in 1878, finally locating at Baldwin, Colorado, in the year 1882, where he was hired as weighman, remaining in that capacity until 1884 when he began prospecting for coal in Gunnison County, Colorado, for the Union Coal Company, serving at that work until 1885. For about a year following, he was employed at various pursuits outside of the coal realm. On April 20th, 1887, he once more returned to the fold as Outside Boss and Material Clerk at Almy, Wyoming, and was located at that camp until November 1st, 1889, being transferred to Rock Springs as Material Clerk and in June, 1890, he was promoted to Chief Clerk in General Superintendent's office, (under the late George L. Black) staying in that position until September 10th, 1906, when he was moved to Cheyenne as Purchasing Agent and is still doing the buying for the mines of articles or apparatus from pins to turbines, the headquarters being moved from Cheyenne to Rock Springs in 1919.



W. K. Lee

He is a keen business man, far-sighted and of high executive ability, gained by dint of perseverance and assiduous devotion to whatever job he tackled. During his pioneering days in the Gunnison country, due to the great depth of snow which covered the mountains, he and his partners trekked about on snowshoes for periods from six to eight months with the temperature oftentimes 50 below zero and many are the tales of interest he has to relate concerning their winter's earnings being squandered by a dishonest merchant in whose care they were left; gathering pine boughs for his bed, the fuzz on the blankets, frostbitten faces, hands, etc. Little do the people now-a-days realize the hardships and privations endured and the struggles for existence which attended the early pioneers not only in Colorado but Wyoming as well. His activities have been recognized as a factor in the development of the State and of the City of Rock Springs. He was Mayor of the City during the years 1896-97-98 and many improvements were begun under his administration. He arranged the financing of the present City Hall structure, most of the funds being derived from liquor licenses, there being in the neighborhood of eighty saloons here in those days, an average of about two for each nationality represented by the population.

He married at Evanston, Wyoming, Miss Anne Ram-

say, daughter of the late William Taylor Ramsay, many years a respected official of the Union Pacific Coal Company family, and has three sons and two daughters, besides numerous grandchildren, living.

He is widely known and enjoys the respect of all with whom he has been, through business or social circles, brought into contact.

Mr. Lee, by virtue of his long and faithful service with the Company, was presented with a 45-year gold button at the Old Timers' celebration in 1925.

W. P. Murphy

To Whom This Magazine Is Indebted for Its Artistic Headings

WALTER P. Murphy was born in Sioux City, Iowa, but was brought up in Montreal, Canada, where he went through the schools, completing an architect's course. He studied art and portraiture in a private school as a supplementary course, with a well-known French artist of Lower Canada and has some excellent studies which he has completed at various times.

He enlisted in the C. E. F. early in the World War and the story of his heroism during the long months and years of the struggle is recorded in the annals of the Canadian Expeditionary Forces.

Returning from France Mr. Murphy came west and is a member of the Engineering Staff of the Union Pacific Coal Company. He is a connoisseur in Indian relics and especially in Navajo rugs, of which he has a very fine collection, many of the pieces being old and valuable. He also has a collection of well-chosen pictures and, while he is always reticent about his abilities and accomplishments, he never fails to enthuse over that which shows real, artistic merit, nor tires of showing his own treasures.

He was married in Rock Springs to Miss Jessie Guernsey of Cheyenne, and their many friends always enjoy visits to the home of "Murph" and Mrs. Murphy.

Mr. Murphy has contributed many drawings to this magazine and has recently executed the new department headings which have received so much favorable and appreciative comment. Those who know his work best predict for him an enviable future in the field of art.



Walter Paul Murphy

Mike Korogi, A Leading Citizen of Reliance

MR. MIKE KOROGI, well-known citizen of Reliance, was born in Minneapolis in 1884. He spent his early boyhood there and attended the public schools of the city of Minneapolis.

(Please turn to page 57)



Preparations for 1927 Old Timers' Celebration Get Under Way

COMMITTEES for the Old Timers' celebration, which will be held at Rock Springs, probably on June 11th of the present year, are all ready to begin planning for Old Timers' Day. All of you will remember the splendid work they did a year ago and they are going to try to arrange an even better program this year.

The Bands organized in Cumberland, Reliance, Winton and Hanna promise to be present. The pipers who took a very prominent part in last year's program will again appear, so there will be no lack of music.

Many unique features are being planned for the present year and the celebration promises to eclipse last year's performance.

The Committees will be glad to give consideration to any suggestions that may be sent to them. The Employees' Magazine will be happy to receive any suggestions and pass them on to the Committee. Old Timers it's your party. What do you want? What part of last year's celebration did you like best? What would you like repeated? Is there some new feature you'd like introduced? Let's hear from you about it.

James M. Sprowell, well known member of Old Timers' Association, passes away

JUST one day before his forty-first birthday, Mr. James M. Sprowell, well known citizen of Rock Springs and member of the Old Timers' Association of The Union Pacific Coal company, passed away at his home after an illness of some weeks and left to mourn his loss a bereaved widow and five children.

Mr. Sprowell was born in Rock Springs and was a member of a large and interesting family, most of whom have always lived in this district. His parents moved to Old Carbon when he was a little fellow, and there he went through school and finally began to work in the mine as a trapper boy when he was fifteen years old. When the town of Carbon was closed down, he moved back to Rock Springs, where he has lived ever since.

Nineteen years ago he was married to Miss Sena Smith, also of Rock Springs. They had five children, all of whom survive their father: George, Cecelia, Glen, Gertrude and Eloise. To them and their mother, as well as to the brothers and sisters of Mr. Sprowell: J. F. Sprowell, George A. Sprowell, Earl H. Sprowell, Mrs. James LeMarr, Mrs. J. G. O'Dell, Mrs. Allan Fletcher, Mrs. Maude Ace and Miss Hazel Sprowell of Rock Springs and Mrs. Wm. May of Laramie, we offer our heartfelt sympathy.



The late James M. Sprowell

Passing of Joseph Clark Brings Sadness To All

IT IS with much regret that we record the passing at his home in Superior, January 18, of Mr. Joseph Clark who was a much respected member of the Old Timers' Association of the Union Pacific Coal Company and who, with his family, has held a large place in the affections of a wide circle of friends in the district for many years.

Mr. Clark was born on May 16, 1867, in Cumberland County, England. He migrated to America when quite a young man and began to work for the Union Pacific Coal Company in Rock Springs in 1889.

He was married on July 6, 1896, to Miss May Churchill, and in 1901 went to live in Cumberland where he was hoisting engineer for nearly twenty years. He pulled the first car of coal, which was steam-hauled, out of No. Two Mine there and played a large part in the early development of the town.

Mr. Clark has been in failing health for some years but has always been interested in the affairs of the community and will be sadly missed. He leaves to mourn his loss, his widow and three sons: Wendell, mine clerk at Superior; Joseph N., store manager at Eaton, Colorado, and Theodore, attending school in Salt Lake City; two brothers: John Clark of Spokane, Washington and George Clark of Colorado; and two sisters: Mrs. A. Herbert and Mrs. L. Brockelbank of New Zealand and England.

He was a cousin of Mr. Joe Iredale of Rock Springs, at whose home a short private funeral service was conducted by Reverend E. L. Anderson, pastor of Rock Springs Congregational Church of which Mr. Clark has been a member all his married life. Funeral services were continued at the church and at the cemetery by the Odd Fellows Lodge of Rock Springs.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family and sons of this old friend, and especially to his widow who is now deprived of his life-long companionship and sollicitous care.

James J. Brawley, Old Timer of Rock Springs

JAMES J. BRAWLEY, well known Rock Springs old-timer, was born in 1865 at Newmains, Lanarkshire, Scotland, and came to the United States when just a lad



The late Joseph Clark and his three sons: Joseph N., Wendell and Theodore.

to live with a married sister who resided in New York City. In August, 1900, he came west to Rock Springs and began to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company. He worked in old No. 8 for nearly twenty-two years and is now hoist operator at No. 8, Rock Springs.

Mr. Brawley went back to Scotland in 1910 and has many interesting tales to tell about his visit to the Old Land. He, accompanied by his mother and sister, visited the Burns cottage at Ayr and the famous herd of white cattle in the Highlands. He thinks Scotland the bonniest land in the world, but found himself more in tune with the progressive spirit of the new west, to which he was glad to return.

Mr. Brawley was appointed to represent Sweetwater County at the American Federation of Labor conference in 1921 and has served five terms as President of the Central Labor Body of Rock Springs, for which he was awarded the gold service badge of the American Federation of Labor. He is a member of the Roman Catholic church and of the Loyal Order of Moose.

Of Mr. Brawley's family of four sons and four daughters, all but one live in Rock Springs. His sons, James, Jr., Jack and Tom, all served in the A. E. F. during the World War, while Hugh enlisted in the navy. James, Jr., now resides in California. His daughters are: Mrs. Sadie Hodge, Mrs. Harry Stewart, Mrs. Jack Shultz and Mrs. Lizzie Salardino.

With nearly twenty-seven years of service to his credit, Mr. Brawley is a valuable member of the Old Timers' Association of The Union Pacific Coal Company and thinks the celebration of last year the best ever.

Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson of Tono

By H. Becker

JOHN ISAACSON feels real sure that he is going to shake hands at the Old Timers' celebration next June with some folks he knew in Old Carbon, Wyoming, in 1897, at which time he started to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company and with many Old Timers from Cumberland whom he and Mrs. Isaacson knew there in 1901-1904. In the fall of 1904, John contracted the

roaming fever and visited almost every state in the Union, finally landing in Tono, Washington, in 1910. After working for the Washington Union Coal Company for a short time, he decided the village was not large enough

and moved to the City of Seattle, where he lived for about three years. In the fall of 1913, he became tired of city life and returned to Tono, which he says, after all his roaming, is the very best place he knows.

Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson have one daughter, Mrs. Charles Dahlstrom, and two grandchildren, Charles and Venetia, who lived in Tono and just across the street until last June, when Mr. Dahlstrom accepted a position in Rifle, Colorado. In the last thirteen years of John's time in Tono, his positions have varied. He started as car re-



Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson, Tono

pairer, then accepted the position of town carpenter and for the last ten years has been hoisting engineer.

In all, John Isaacson has worked for the Union Pacific and Washington Union Coal Company for twenty years. He boasts of having worked under five different superintendents. The first to hire him was Sandy Briggs in Carbon, then Mr. J. C. Hopkins; Mr. J. D. Needham in Cumberland; Mr. E. S. Brooks and Mr. William Hann at Tono, Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaacson are both natives of Sweden, the northern country which has given America so many virile and splendid citizens, but have been citizens of the good

Hanna Band of 1911



In these days when new Bands are being organized and we're interested in the personnel of Bands, it is interesting to have this picture of the Hanna Band of 1911, many members of which are still available for the new Band. (A tip to Hanna). Reading from left to right they are, standing: G. Lord, Leader; W. A. Briggs, Pete Hedman, Joe Woods, Thos. Love, W. B. Rae, Joe Briggs, Thos. Ratcliffe, J. R. Mann, Dave Brown, S. J. Rodda, Alex Greenwood. Seated: Wynn Groutage, S. Dickinson, W. S. Milliken, William Crombie, J. Choate.

—Picture by Courtesy of T. H. Butler



Early Wyoming ranch scene at Mill Creek, near Elk Mountain.

old U. S. A. for many years now and no one who has visited their home can forget their gracious hospitality, the efficient homemaking of Mrs. Isaacson and the old time stories and experiences of which Mr. Isaacson seems to have an endless store. They hope to visit Wyoming and the Old Timers' celebration in June and there will be many friends indeed whose enjoyment of the celebration will be increased many fold by the attendance of Mr. and Mrs. John Isaacson of Tono.

Mrs. Helen Congleton

A Pioneer Mother of Superior

ONE OF the pioneer mothers whose memory will always be held dear in Superior and wherever her neighborly and motherly kindnesses were known, is Mrs. Helen Congleton, who died in the Rock Springs hospital on April 17, 1926.

Born in Scotland, the land of the heather, Mrs. Congleton came to the United States when she was three years old, and throughout her life she blessed those with whom she came in contact with a kindly humor and genuine interest in everything worth-while and her own family with a motherly devotion that followed them always. They are Charles Congelton, Superior; Miss Helen, Superior; Mrs. Robert A. Brown, Superior, and Mrs. Chas. Clark, Cumberland.



Mrs. Helen Congleton, a pioneer mother whose memory will always be held dear.

Mike, A Town Character

Contributed

MIKE was a local character at one of the coal towns. His mentality was not very high; he would never have passed an intelligence test, but he was unconsciously funny.

He used to go to the picture shows and sit in the front seat and as he was generally "lit up" (this, of course, being before prohibition days) used to try to read aloud everything on the screen. He kept the house in an uproar with his remarks. Sometimes he was so annoying that Mike had to be ejected.

On one occasion, while sauntering along the main street of the mining village, he stopped in front of the theatre where, on a board, was advertised the picture for the evening, viz., "The Last of the Mohicans." He was intoxicated, as usual. The picture attracted his attention and he tried vainly to read the title of the movie advertised. About this time a small Slavish girl named Mary came along and Mike, anxious to obtain information, hailed Mary and the following conversation ensued.

Mike: "Mary, is this pretty good picture tonight? I'm no lika too much kiss in picture, he make me sick that kinda picture. I'm lika some nother kind picture and maybe I go. Mary, what you tink that kind picture he be tonight? I'm no can read, I'm got no glasses. Maybe you can read, Mary, and tellem me maybe he pretty good picture, tonight. What you call him, Mary?"

The little girl looked at the board and said, "Yes, Mike, it will be a good picture, tonight; it says it's going to be "The Last of the Mohicans."

Mike looked very much disgusted and replied, "Mary, you crazy, I'm tell you something. You never see the last of the 'Mericans' all your life."

Mike Korogi

(Continued from page 54)

He came to Rock Springs in 1897, went to work for The Union Pacific Coal Company in 1898 and has been so employed ever since except for a short time spent in Utah and visits back to his parents' home in Minneapolis.

Mr. Korogi was married at Rock Springs in 1910 to Elizabeth Spence, a member of the well-known Spence family of this district and a sister of Foreman Will Spence of Reliance.

Mr. and Mrs. Korogi have seven children, six boys and one daughter, and are keenly interested in everything that makes for the betterment of the community, the interests and advancement of its young folks.

Mr. Korogi has served his local union in various capacities: as President, as Vice President, and on innumerable committees; he is at present Recording Secretary of his local. He also serves as President of the School Board of District Seven, which cares for the schools of Winton, Reliance and Dines.

As the newly elected President of the Reliance Community Council, Mr. Korogi plans to interest himself in the work of each of the organizations represented in the Council and to work for a united and advancing community spirit in the town.



Reliance Woman's Club Elects New Officers

The annual election of officers of the Reliance Woman's Club was held in the Club Room on Tuesday evening, January 11th. The results follow: Mrs. E. Buckles, president; Mrs. James Rafferty, vice president; Mrs. Pat Burns, secretary; Mrs. Carol Myers, treasurer.

Mrs. Zeiher and Mrs. Z. Portwood compose the membership committee; Mrs. C. Myers and Mrs. Tolzi, welfare committee. The program for the February meeting will be arranged by Mrs. L. Hanna.

Winton Woman's Club Dance on February 13th

Winton Woman's Club is advertising an apron and overall dance for the evening of February 13th. Elaborate plans are being made and splendid music will be furnished. Everybody is invited from the nearby towns.

Annual New Year Children's Dance a Success

Reliance Woman's Club again sponsored an afternoon dancing party for the children of the town during the holidays. Mesdames Z. Portwood, C. Myers and A. Tolzi composed the committee in charge. It was a most enjoyable affair with dancing and games for everybody. Prizes were won by Charles Gibbs and Lucy Childers.

Reliance Woman's First Aid Club

Reliance Woman's First Aid Club studies and practices First Aid every Friday evening with Messrs. James McPhie and Dave Wilson as instructors. It has proved that women do sustain an interest in the study of First Aid. Mr. McPhie, who is a veteran First Aid instructor and contestant, says he enjoys teaching this class because of the enthusiasm and regularity of attendance the women show.

Woman's Community Club of Tono Elects New Officers

At a short business session of the Community Club on Wednesday evening, January 5th, the following officers were elected for the coming year:

President: Mrs. John Porich.
Vice President: Mrs. Bell Barber.
Secretary: Mrs. Matt Mardicott.
Treasurer: Mrs. Ernest Barber.

At the conclusion of business, refreshments were served by Mrs. Horace Egger, Mrs. Todd Dove, Mrs. Oscar Johnson, Mrs. Bill Hale, Mrs. Minnie Johnson and Mrs. Leonard Lockhart.

Tooth Bits

*The mouth is the door to the body.
Teeth, tongue and gums are doorkeepers,
Nothing harmful must pass the door,
Therefore the doorkeepers must be well and strong.
Their health must be cared for by experts.
How long do you want them to stand on guard?
Take a peep into the future.*

OUR TEETH are like flour mills. They grind the food into small particles ready to pass on to the stomach. If our teeth are not strong and healthy, our food will not be ground up properly and our stomach will always be overworked and tired.

If our teeth are dirty, the food will rub off some of the dirt, and carry it into the body.

A Tooth—Outside and In

Consider the different parts of a tooth. The crown is the white portion of the tooth which can be seen in the mouth. Then there is the root which is under the gums. The crown has a hard covering called enamel, while the root of the tooth has a cover of cementum.

Under the enamel and cementum is a layer somewhat like bone which is called dentine. The middle of the tooth is called the pulp chamber. It contains blood vessels and nerves.

Toothache Caused by Decay

As long as the teeth are kept clean there will be no trouble. But teeth which are neglected easily decay. It is decay which causes toothache. If decay is not removed, it will work into the middle of the tooth. Then the decay may work through the enamel and into the softer dentine. Decay will spread out under the enamel so that there is much more decay in the dentine than in the enamel. This is the way it spreads. When there is decay in the enamel there is always more beneath.

First Aid to the Teeth

As soon as there is the least decay in the tooth, the dentist should be consulted. He will cut the decay away and fill the small hole. This will prevent a larger hole and will save the pain and cost of a larger filling later. It is not easy to discover small holes, but the dentist can find them with his fine pointed instrument called the explorer. Therefore, it is advisable to see a dentist every six months. Always think of the future. Clean teeth never decay.

Decayed Teeth Cause Illness

If decay is not removed and the tooth filled, the enamel will break down and will cause a hole large enough to collect food. This food will then begin to rot and cause toothache and will often make people ill. Many illnesses may come from decayed teeth and dirty mouths, such as rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, headache, heart trouble, abscess, skin troubles, colds, boils and nervousness.

Pain Is A Danger Signal

Don't wait for a tooth to ache. Have it treated before it pains. If a tooth becomes painful, go to a dentist at once. There are many things to put into a tooth which will stop the pain, but remember that these things will not stop the decay. The hole will grow larger and either the pain will return or the nerve will die. The decay

must be cleaned out and the hole filled. If the face begins to swell, put something cold on the cheek and go to the dentist. Keep hot things away from the face when there is a swelling. Hot things may be held inside the mouth, but not on the outside of the face.

A Pulled Tooth Is A Lost Friend

When a tooth is pulled out, it leaves a gap in the chewing machine. Its work must be done by the teeth on each side. Sometimes these teeth are pushed crooked because the gap leaves nothing to support them. It is just like losing a button from a coat and trying to fasten that button hole over the next button.

Clean Teeth Cannot Decay

Take care of your teeth.

Dentists can help, but you must brush the teeth every day. Have your dentist examine your teeth and clean them at least two times a year.

You will need your teeth all your life.

—From The Health Series of The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Wishing

WE ALL tend to begin our reforms too far away from home. The man who wishes improvement strongly enough to set to work on himself is the man who will obtain results.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions,
Keep them always straight and true.
Rid your mind of selfish motives,
Let your thoughts be clean and high.
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrapbook of your heart;
Do not waste one page of folly;
Live to learn, and learn to live.
If you want to give men knowledge
You must get it, ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy?
Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way,
For the pleasures of the many
May be oftentimes traced to one.
As the hand that plants an acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Called Blessings on the American Women

PRESIDENT Lincoln attended a Ladies' Fair for the benefit of the Union soldiers, at Washington, March 16th, 1864.

In his remarks he said.

"I appear to say but a word.

"This extraordinary war in which we are engaged falls heavily upon all classes of people, but the most heavily upon the soldiers. For it has been said 'All that a man hath will he give for his life,' and, while all contribute of their substance; the soldier puts his life at stake, and often yields it up in his country's cause.

"The highest merit, then, is due to the soldiers.

"In this extraordinary war extraordinary developments have manifested themselves such as have not been seen

in former wars; and among these manifestations nothing has been more remarkable than these fairs for the relief of suffering soldiers and their families, and the chief agents in these fairs are the women of America!

"I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war.

"I will close by saying, God bless the women of America!"

A Little Prayer

WE SHOULD strive to bring what happiness we can to others. More still, we should strive to bring them no unhappiness. When we come to die, it is, as George Eliot once said, not our kindness or our patience or our generosity that we shall regret, but our intolerance and our harshness.

That I may not in blindness grope,
But that I may with vision clear
Know when to speak a word of hope
Or add a little wholesome cheer.

That tempered winds may softly blow
Where little children, thinly clad,
Sit dreaming, when the flame is low,
Of comforts they have never had.

That through the year which lies ahead
No heart shall ache, no cheek be wet,
For any word that I have said
Or profit I have tried to get.

—S. E. Kiser.

An overseas man at Reliance told us he's never swum the English Channel but he'd crossed it once under conditions which made him seriously consider it.



How would you like to ride this way? These are girls at Medicine Bow Crossing near Elk Mountain in early Wyoming.

—Picture by courtesy of Mr. T. H. Butler

LAUGHS

Sound Horn?

A portly gentleman, laden with traveling bags, was endeavoring to make a dignified exit from a crowded railway carriage. At the door he stumbled on the pet corn of a brawny Scotchman.

"Hoot, mon, hoot!" said the Scot. "Canna ye look whauer we're goin'? Hoot!"

After alighting in safety, the overburdened traveler returned:

"Hoot yourself. I'm a traveler, not a motor car."

—Selected.

Equal to the Occasion

Teacher: "Sammie, name the four seasons."

Sammie: "Salt, mustard, vinegar, pepper!"

On Account

A customer went into a store and picked up an article, walked out with it, and told the clerk to charge it.

"On what account?" called the clerk.

"On account of not having any money with me."

—Exchange.

No Stickler

Doctor: "Your husband's not so well today, Mrs. Maloney. Is he sticking to the simple diet I prescribed?"

Mrs. M.: "He is not, sorr. He says he'll not be after starvin' himself to death just for the sake of livin' a few years longer!"

—The Belfast News Letter.

Laying the Foundation

Bones: "Last night when I got home my wife had my easy chair all ready, my slippers at hand, my newspaper and my pipe——"

Beans: "How did you like her new hat?"

Lucky Lad

Teacher: "Willie, can you name me a city in Alaska?"

Willie: No m'm."

Teacher: "Correct."

—Christian Science Monitor.

Repairs Needed

A large colored lady met up with an accident and was rushed to the hospital. Just as she was regaining consciousness her Doctor, hoping to cheer her up, said, "Well, never mind, Mrs. Jones. You'll be able to collect damages for this!"

"Damages!" said Mandy in horror. "What do ah want wif damages—what ah needs is repairs!"

Used to the Word

Teacher: "Honesty is the best policy."

Son of an Insurance Agent: "You're wrong, teacher. Twenty-Pay Life is the best policy."

Unhanded

Maid: "You know that old vase, mum, you said 'ad bin'anded down from generation to generation?"

Mistress (anxiously): "Yes?"

"Well, this generation 'as dropped it!"

—Passing Show.

Reasonable

"I have only one request to make," groaned the college man who had come to work for the harvest.

"What is that, Mr. Smart?" returned the farmer.

"Please let me stay in bed long enough for the lamp chimney to cool off."

—Agrarian Risiblist.

Needed Practice

"I see you have a sign in your window, 'We Aim to Please,' remarked the irritated customer.

"Certainly," replied the proprietor, "that is our motto."

"Well," continued the other, "you ought to devote some time to target practice."

Don't Spread This

Si: "Sara, is there anything you want from town this mornin'?"

Sara: "You might stop in at one of them there stores and buy a jar of that there Traffic Jam I been ahearin' so much about."

Good Advice

Many rare coins are extremely valuable. Look at your coins today. If you see one with two buffaloes on it, put it aside and look at it again when you are sober.

—Pacific Coast Bulletin.

Ambiguous

The employer called his secretary.

"Here, John, look at this letter. I can't make out whether it's from my tailor or my lawyer. They're both named Smith."

And this is what John read: "I have begun your suit. Ready to be tried on Thursday.—Smith."

Not Likely

Jimmy, aged five, was being prepared for bed. Mother hunted high and low, but nowhere could she find a nightgown.

"Well, Jimmy," she said, "you'll have to wear your sister's just for tonight."

Jimmy drew himself up haughtily.

"What!" he asked, in astonishment. "Wear a girl's?"

"Yes why not?"

"I won't wear a girl's nightgown," said Jimmy, indignantly. "I'd rather go to bed raw."—The National Mason.

One on the Taxi Driver

"But we were only fifteen minutes getting here!" expostulated the passenger.

"I don't give a hang about that!" snarled the taxi driver. "The meter says we've come twenty miles. Now you fork over."

"All right," assented the passenger, paying. "Now get ready to come with me for driving eighty miles an hour. I'm a speed cop."—Legion Weekly.

Prudence.

A rather stout man was having difficulties under his car when he looked out and saw a boy sitting on the fence. "What are you doing there?" he asked.

"I was just watchin'," replied the boy. "And if——"

"And if what?"

"And if I could run faster I'd laugh."

Lucid.

Teacher: "What do you understand by the word deficit, John?"

Johnny: "It's what you've got when you haven't as much as you had when you had nothin'."

—Christian Science Monitor.



Betty Arnott Entertains Owlettes at Skating Party on Big Sandy

Betty had been telling us that there was splendid skating on the Big Sandy just over the hill from her home—a monster sheet of splendid ice—and had been promising us that sometime she would ask us out to spend the day. A wonderful prospect because good ice is rare indeed in our part of the world and skating added to hospitality of Betty's home was something to look forward to. So when the telephone told us that we were expected on Sunday, January 9, it was a very happy group of Owlettes that started north.

There just isn't any sport to equal good skating and when added to good ice, sheets of it, just where the Oregon Trail crosses the Sandy and keen enough for any blades,—the mountain air of Wyoming, clear and bracing; a cloudless sky with a gorgeous sun and in the distance the snow-covered mountains which seemed so near; then the delightful hospitality and comradeship of the Arnott home, we were sure nothing could be grander.

After luncheon we spent the whole afternoon on the ice, and despite a tumble or two, were loathe to leave it when the lowering sun warned that we ought to be starting home. However, we were promised that we might go again some day, so with many thanks to our hostess and to Mr. Davis of Dines and Doctor Chambers of Rock Springs, who provided a way for us to make the trip to Eden, we started home with the happiest memories of Betty's skating party on the Big Sandy River.

Superior Junior Girl Scouts

Mrs. H. McLean is the new Captain of the Superior Junior Girl Scouts. Some Scouts have graduated into the Senior troop, and at Christmas time the Juniors lost Blanche McDill, Patrol Leader, who has gone to California to live. Jessie McLean and Fanny Lang are the new Patrol Leaders.

Superior Climbers Climb

The Superior Climbers are climbing right along. They meet in the Community Church every Monday evening, and devoted the evening of January 10th to finishing their study of the American flag, each completing one in correct proportions. The Scouts and their Captain, Mrs. P. C. Hagenstein, are proud to have Mrs. H. L. Hays, who has had much experience in Scouting, join as troop Lieutenant.

Pioneer Region

The Girl Scout Leader for January tells us that the various regions in the organization of Girl Scouting, which have been known by numbers, are now given names. We used to be in Region VIII; now we are the Pioneer Region. It does not tell us who so named us. But we are glad we belong to the "Pioneer" states and like our new names. Girl Scouting is an adventure, a thrilling adventure with adventuring companions, who want to blaze trails and joy in glorious accomplishment. There is no better place to adventure than in pioneer country.

New Camp Fire Officers

On January 6th, the Camp Fire Girls of Tono elected new officers for the year as follows:

President: Veva Boardman.
Vice President: Rebecca Puckett.
Secretary: Hellen Androski.
Treasurer: Phyllis Pontin.
Corresponding Reporter: Jean Murray.

Tono Camp Fire Girls Hike

The Camp Fire honor bead for Health isn't so easy to win. Those of us who've tried it can remember the forty-miles-hiked requirement. But the Tono Camp Fire Girls are taking every opportunity to play the health game for honors. Recently Victoria Flora, Pearl Mardicott, Jean Murray and Veva Boardman hiked to Bucoda and back.

A Dare

Someone told them it couldn't be done, but Pearl Mardicott, Jean Murray and Edna Johnson hiked to Centralia, from Tono—a distance of twelve miles. Leaving Tono at 2:00 P. M., they hoped to make Centralia by 5:00 P. M., to find that it was just 4:30 when they arrived at the home of Edna Sipe, where they were entertained at luncheon.

All In Our Hall

By Clara Sturman, Patrol Leader of Junior High School Troop, Girl Scouts, age 12 years.



Clara Sturman,

Captain, Lieutenant, Scouts and all
Meet every week in our Meeting Hall;
First, second, tests for all
As we meet each week in our Meeting Hall.

Motto, Slogan, Laws and all
We learn each week in our Meeting Hall.
Motto, Slogan, Laws and all
We all take out of our Meeting Hall.

Better Citizenship

FOR a public speaking contest a High School girl recently prepared a paper on "Better Citizenship", a part of which I want to quote, not only because it was written by a girl but because it gives a splendid recipe for the citizenship of girlhood.

"The best culture we have today is not agriculture but soul culture. This is the one idea that looms before us in the advancement of citizenship. People have begun to realize that it is not only bodily strength that makes a citizen but—that the strength of the soul is just as important a factor. Our chief problem today is the quality of our citizenship. Grow men and women—men and women who can be called good citizens—and the world will not have much to say about what else we grow or do not grow.

"Good citizenship is a difficult thing to define, yet must include: knowledge, good judgment, sympathy, good-will, and, last but not least, moral courage. We must realize that the individual is a part of the community and the community is a part of the whole world. This means that every citizen should be as interested in his community as he is in his own progress. To help himself by ignoring his community is the worst kind of selfishness. The Ship of Citizenship is like a great boat in which each individual may be a rower. If each one rows with his or her utmost strength and heart, in the one direction, the ship is bound to make headway.

"There are, of course, many different kinds of citizens: an economic citizen, a fair-minded citizen, a religious citizen, cultured citizen. Every person has at least one of these qualities, but would it not be a fine thing if we could add just a little of each of the others to what we have, and thus be much nearer a perfect citizen, than if we idolized our one or several particular qualities.

"In closing may I leave with you a recipe on how to become a better citizen:

"Take 4 lbs. of love, 1/2 lb. of good looks, 1/2 lb. sweet temper, 1/2 lb. buttered youth, 2 lbs. self-forgetfulness, 1/2 oz. dry humor, 2 tsp. sweet argument, and 1 pt. commonsense. Put the flour of love, good looks, and sweet temper into a well furnished home. Mix the butter of youth together with blindness of faults and self-forgetfulness. Throw in dry humor and sweet arguments, then add to the above. Pour in gently rippling laughter and commonsense. Work together until well mixed; bake gently forever."

From "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"

I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

With bars they blur the gracious moon,
And blind the goodly sun;
And they do well to hide their hell,
For in it things are done
That Son of God nor Son of Man
Ever should look upon.

The vilest deeds like poison weeds,
Bloom well in prison air;
It is only what is good in man
That wastes and withers there;
Pale anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the Warder is Despair.

—Oscar Wilde.

Our Little Folks

"Tad" Introduces "Our Friends"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN often avoided interviews with delegations representing various States, especially when he knew the objects of their errands, and was aware he could not grant their requests. This was the case with several commissioners from Kentucky, who were put off from day to day.

They were about to give up in despair, and were leaving the White House lobby, their speech being interspersed with vehement and uncomplimentary terms concerning "Old Abe," when "Tad" happened along. He caught at these words, and asked one of them if they wanted to see "Old Abe," laughing at the same time.

"Yes," he replied.

"Wait a minute," said "Tad," and rushed into his father's office. Said he, "Papa, may I introduce some friends to you?"

His father, always indulgent and ready to make him happy, kindly said, "Yes, my son, I will see your friends."

"Tad" went to the Kentuckians again, and asked a very dignified looking gentleman of the party



The favorite portrait of Lincoln and "Tad".

his name. He was told his name. He then said, "Come, gentlemen," and they followed him.

Leading them up to the president, "Tad," with much dignity, said, "Papa, let me introduce to you Judge _____, of Kentucky," and quickly added, "Now, Judge, you introduce the other gentlemen."

The introductions were gone through with, and they turned out to be the gentlemen Mr. Lincoln had been avoiding for a week. Mr. Lincoln reached for the boy, took him in his lap, kissed him, and told him it was all right, and that he had introduced his friend like a little gentleman as he was. "Tad" was eleven years old at this time.

The President was pleased with "Tad's" diplomacy, and often laughed at the incident as he told others of it. One day while caressing the boy, he asked him why he called those gentlemen "his friends." "Well," said Tad, "I had seen them so often, and they looked so good and sorry, and said they were from Kentucky, that I thought they must be our friends." "That is right, my son," said Mr. Lincoln; "I would have the whole human race your friends and mine, if it were possible."

The Castle of Fortune

ONE lovely summer morning, just as the sun rose, two travelers started on a journey. They were both strong young men, but one was a lazy fellow and the other was a worker.

As the first sunbeam came over the hills, they shone on a great castle standing on the heights, as far away as the eye could see. It was a wonderful and beautiful castle, all glistening towers that gleamed like marble, and glancing windows that shone like crystal. The two young men looked at it eagerly and longed to go nearer.

Suddenly, out of the distance, something like a great butterfly, of white and gold, swept toward them. And when it came nearer, they saw that it was a most beautiful lady, robed in floating garments as fine as cobwebs and wearing on her head a crown so bright that no one could tell whether it was of diamonds or of dew. She stood, light as air, on a great, shining, golden ball, which rolled along with her, swifter than the wind. As she passed the travelers, she turned her face to them and smiled.

"Follow me!" she said.

The lazy man sat down in the grass with a discontented sigh. "She has an easy time of it!" he said.

But the industrious man ran after the lovely lady and caught the hem of her floating robe in his grasp. "Who are you, and whither are you going?" he asked.

"I am the Fairy of Fortune," said the beautiful lady, "and that is my castle. You may reach it today, if you will; there is time, if you waste none. If you reach it before the last stroke of midnight, I will receive you there, and will be your friend.

But if you come one second after midnight, it will be too late."

When she had said this, her robe slipped from the traveler's hand and she was gone.

The industrious man hurried back to his friend, and told him what the fairy had said.

"The idea!" said the lazy man, and he laughed; "Of course, if a body had a horse there would be some chance, but walk all that way? No, thank you!"

"Then good-bye," said his friend, "I am off." And he set out, down the road toward the shining castle, with a good steady stride, his eyes straight ahead.

The lazy man lay down in the soft grass, and looked rather wistfully at the far-away towers. "If I only had a good horse!" he sighed.

Just at that moment he felt something warm nosing about his shoulder, and heard a little whinny. He turned around, and there stood a little horse. It was a dainty creature, gentle-looking and finely built, and it was saddled and bridled.

"Holla!" said the lazy man. "Luck often comes when one isn't looking for it!" And in an instant he had leaped on the horse, and headed him for the castle of fortune. The little horse started at a fine pace, and in a very few minutes they overtook the other traveler, plodding along on foot.

"How do you like shank's mare?" laughed the lazy man, as he passed his friend.

The industrious man only nodded and kept on with his steady stride, eyes straight ahead.

The horse kept his good pace, and by noon the towers of the castle stood out against the sky, much nearer and more beautiful. Exactly at noon the horse turned aside from the road, into a shady grove on a hill, and stopped.

"Wise beast," said the rider; "haste makes waste," and all things are better in moderation. I'll follow your example, and eat and rest a bit." He dismounted and sat down in a cool moss, with his back against a tree. He had a lunch in his traveler's pouch, and he ate it comfortably. Then he felt drowsy from the heat and the early ride, so he pulled his hat over his eyes, and settled himself for a nap. "It will go all the better for a little rest," he said.

That was a sleep! He slept like the seven sleepers, and he dreamed the most beautiful things you could imagine. At last, he dreamed that he had entered the castle of fortune and was being received with great festivities. Everything he wanted was brought to him, and music played while fireworks were set off in his honor. The music was so loud that he awoke. He sat up, rubbing his eyes, and behold, the fireworks were the very last rays of the setting sun, and the music was the voice of the other traveler, passing the grove on foot!

"Time to be off," said the lazy man, and looked

about him for the pretty horse. No horse was to be found. The only living thing near was an old, bony, gray donkey. The man called, and whistled, and looked, but no little horse appeared. After a long while he gave it up, and, since there was nothing better to do, he mounted the old gray donkey and set out again.

The donkey was slow, and he was hard to ride, but he was better than nothing; and gradually the lazy man saw the towers of the castle draw nearer.

Now it began to grow dark; in the castle windows the lights began to show. Then came trouble! Slower and slower, went the gray donkey; slower and slower, till, in the very middle of a pitch-black wood, he stopped and stood still. Not a step would he budge for all the coaxing and scolding and beating his rider could give. At last the rider kicked him, as well as beat him, and at that the donkey felt that he had had enough. Up went his hind heels, and down went his head, and over it went the lazy man on to the stony ground.

There he lay groaning for many minutes, for it was not a soft place, I can assure you. How he wished he were in a soft, warm bed, with his aching bones comfortable in blankets! The very thought of it made him remember the castle of fortune, for he knew there must be fine beds there. To get to those beds he was even willing to bestir his bruised limbs, so he sat up and felt about him for the donkey.

No donkey was to be found.

The lazy man crept round and round the spot where he had fallen, scratched his hands on the stumps, tore his face in the briars, and bumped his knees on the stones. But no donkey was there. He would have lain down to sleep again, but he could hear now the howls of hungry wolves in the woods; that did not sound pleasant. Finally, his hand struck against something that felt like a saddle. He grasped it, thankfully, and started to mount his donkey.

The beast he took hold of seemed very small, and, as he mounted, he felt that its sides were moist and slimy. It gave him a shudder, and he hesitated; but at that moment he heard a distant clock strike. It was striking eleven! There was still time to reach the castle of fortune, but no more than enough; so he mounted his new steed and rode on once more. The animal was easier to sit on than the donkey, and the saddle seemed remarkably high behind; it was good to lean against. But even the donkey was not so slow as this; the new steed was slower than he. After a while, however, he pushed his way out of the woods into the open, and there stood the castle, only a little way ahead! All its windows were ablaze with lights. A ray from them fell on the lazy man's beast, and he saw what he was riding; it was a snail! A snail as large as a calf!

A cold shudder ran over the lazy man's body, and he would have got off his horrid animal then and there, but just then the clock struck once more. It was the first of the long, slow strokes that mark midnight! The man grew frantic when he heard it. He drove his heels into the snail's sides, to make him hurry. Instantly, the snail drew in his head, curled up in his shell, and left the lazy man sitting in a heap on the ground!

The clock struck twice. If the man had run for it, he could still have reached the castle, but, instead, he sat still and shouted for a horse.

"A beast, a beast!" he wailed. "Any kind of a beast that will take me to the castle."

The clock struck three times. And as it struck the third note, something came rustling and rattling out of the darkness—something that sounded like a horse with harness. The lazy man jumped on its back, a very queer, low back. As he mounted, he saw the doors of the castle open, and saw his friend standing on the threshold, waving his cap and beckoning to him.

The clock struck four times, and the new steed began to stir; as it struck five, he moved a pace forward; as it struck six, he stopped; as it struck seven, he turned himself about; as it struck eight, he began to move backward, away from the castle!

The lazy man shouted, and beat him, but the beast went slowly backward. And the clock struck nine. The man tried to slide off then, but from all sides of his strange animal great arms came reaching up and held him fast. And in the next ray of moonlight that broke the dark clouds, he saw that he was mounted on a monster crab!

One by one the lights went out in the castle windows. The clock struck ten. Backward went the crab. Eleven! Still the crab went backward! The clock struck twelve! Then the great doors shut with a clang, and the castle of fortune was closed forever to the lazy man.

What became of him and his crab, no one knows to this day, and no one cares. But the industrious man was received by the Fairy of Fortune and made happy in the castle as long as he wanted to stay. And ever afterward she was his friend, helping him not only to happiness for himself, but also showing him how to help others, wherever he went. —From "Stories to Tell to Children."

From a Tenderfoot to You

I want to pay you homage
 You land of sage and sand,
 Your wonderful open spaces
 Open out to the country grand;
 Beyond all thoughts of selfness
 I bow to you morn and night,
 And wish that all might know you—
 This land that God made right.

—Phyllis, Reliance.

Superior Sports

THE Superior Basket Ball League opened its season on January 7 with a bang. In fact there were several bangs during the two games that were played on opening night. The first real crash came in the first game, when Matt Morrow of the Cardinals found the floor too slippery for his new tennis shoes. More bangs were in order in the Lions and Cubs game. Prof. Green shook the Opera House in the second game when he suddenly came in contact with the east wall, and when Jake Holt, also of the Lions, took a sudden notion to sit down. Weimer of the Cubs also hit the floor and caused the windows to rattle.

The Cards and White City opened the season in the first game of a double-header, the Cards coming out of the fray on the long end of a 14 to 24 score. Reese and Knill shared honors for the Cards, while Boyd brought the crowd to its feet by shooting two long field goals. Lessen, loaned to the White City team, who were short-handed due to a misunderstanding of the dates, was high point man for the White City team. Lessen scored four field goals, as well as two free throws. The game was exceedingly interesting from start to finish and kept the spectators on their feet throughout the forty minutes of play. No admissions are to be charged for these games, and it is hoped that the spectators will be more lenient with the players in their criticisms, as there are many who have not touched a basketball for a good many years. The lineup for the first game and box score follows:

CARDS

Player—	P.	FG.	PF.	F.	TP.
Reese	F	5	0	0	10
Knill	F	4	2	1	9
Smith	C	0	0	0	0
Boyd	G	2	2	0	4
Morrow	G	0	1	0	0
Sherwood		0	0	0	1
Totals.....		22	6	1	24

WHITE CITY

Player—	P.	FG.	PF.	F.	TP.
Marchetti	F	0	2	0	1
Stoffa	F	0	2	0	0
S. Lenzi	C	0	0	2	1
H. Lenzi	G	0	0	1	2
Lessen	G	4	2	1	10
Totals.....		8	6	4	14
Referee, Moser. Timekeeper, Brown.					

IN the second game the Cubs trounced the Lions by the overwhelming score of 47 to 6. The Lions were weakened by the absence of three of their star players—Johnson, Hays and Purma. The Lions, when out in full force, can no doubt drub any of the teams in the league. Here's hoping that they will always be short.

Lessen, regular Cub forward, proved to be high point man for the evening. In the second game he scored fourteen field goals and two free throws, bringing his total for the game up to 30 and 40 for the evening, as he scored ten points for White City in the first game. Weimer played a good game at center for the Cubs. Hank was all over the floor; that is he covered more floor space than any other player on the court when he was off his feet, with the possible exception of Jake Holt, Lion guard. Jake covered quite a bit of territory when he was down. Sherwood, playing for the Cubs, scored some long field goals that brought applause from the spectators. MacCormac, Lion forward, scored three field goals, this being the limit of the Lions' scoring. Lineup and box score:

(Continued on page 69)



Rock Springs

HARRY RENNIE has accepted a position in the electrical department.

Mrs. John Soltis has returned from a visit with friends in Green River.

Mr. and Mrs. John Retford entertained at a family dinner on New Years day, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. James Prescott of Rolapp, Utah.

Mrs. Charles Outsen has returned from a business trip to Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Peterson are the proud parents of a baby daughter born on December 23rd.

Ed. Willson has returned to his home in the Barracks after having been confined to the General Hospital, where he has been recovering from injuries recently received while he was at work in No. 8 Mine.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Williams entertained a number of their friends at a New Years party at their home on Eleventh Street.

Robert, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Outsen, has returned to the University at Laramie, after having spent the holidays with his parents here.

Herbert Sharp is in Cheyenne, where he is receiving medical treatment for his eyes.

Mrs. Carl J. Carlson of "E" Plane has returned to her home after having spent some time with relatives in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Pete Stockich are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby daughter born on December 31st.

Miss Bernice Harris has returned to her home in Evanston, after having spent the holidays with her sister, Mrs. F. L. McCarty.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Gogel of LaBarge are visiting with Mrs. Gogel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Willson.

The two small children of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Armstrong are confined to their home with measles.

Mr. and Mrs. James Moon, Sr., entertained at a family dinner New Years day.

Mrs. J. M. Sprowell and children have moved in from "E" Plane and are now living on Elk street.

Charles W. Crofts is slowly recovering from an attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. Fred Robinson and Mrs. R. H. Sanders of Superior have been visiting with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Armstrong have moved into the



Katie Russold,
Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reed
Russold, Rock Springs.

house recently vacated by Kenneth Matthews on Tenth Street.

Jas. V. Macdonald has returned from Laramie, where he attended the funeral of his brother-in-law, Robert Benedict.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Libby entertained at a watch-party on New Years eve at their home in Wardell Court.

Thomas Crofts has been confined to his home the past two weeks with a severe attack of la grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Medill of Lava Hot Springs, Idaho, have returned to their home after having spent the holidays with Mrs. Medill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. N. Darling.

Mrs. Frank Parr is confined to her home with an attack of flu.

Sam Samuels was slightly injured while at work in No. 7 Mine on January 3rd.

Matt J. Yovich of No. 4 Mine was a business visitor in Cheyenne.

Bodie Stokich of Ruth, Nevada, is visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Stokich.

Reliance

THE LITTLE white schoolhouse on the hill has been rejuvenated inside and out and now provides room for the religious services of the community.

Mrs. James Rafferty is confined to the hospital with a severe attack of pneumonia.

Little Billy Spence's inquiring mind got him into trouble the other day while he was investigating the mechanism of his mother's washing machine. His arm was caught—with severe bruises and wrenches as a result.

Tom Marshall had to have his fling at the flu too. He is fully recovered now and back at his post in the store.

A number of friends surprised Mrs. Buckles at her home this past month, the occasion being her birthday. Games were played, prizes being awarded to the winners, after which a dainty luncheon was served.

Boyd Marshall gathered in a number of his small friends to a birthday party. Games and treats were the order of the day.



Christina Korogi, twelve-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mike Korogi, Reliance.



A Race. Ready. Go! Boyd Marshall, Jackie Rhodes and Devon Marshall, Reliance.

The Community Sunday School has been laboring hard to get together enough funds for the purchasing of a piano. The girls of the Sunday School divided themselves into groups and canvassed Reliance. As a result, the piano is now installed in the new Sunday School room.

Marko Militich has been discharged from the Hospital after suffering a prolonged attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Dave Wilson has been quite ill with an attack of tonsillitis.

Cumberland

BORN to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marocki, a baby girl.

The Misses Euphia Snyder, Mary Perner, Nettie Marocki, Joy Wilde, Mary and Julia Fabian spent the Christmas holidays with their parents.

Mr. Joe Pavich motored to Salt Lake recently.

Miss Maria Edwards spent the holidays at Montpelier with Miss Lois Stuart.

Mr. Jack Moore of Chicago is visiting with relatives and friends.

Mr. William Bartley of Utah spent the holidays visiting relatives and friends at Cumberland.

Mr. J. D. Jones, Mr. Harry Groutage and son were New Year visitors at Ft. Bridger.

Miss Phyllis Berrier, who is attending school at Pocatello, spent Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Berrier.

Mr. Nick Shickich held the lucky number for the beautiful toilet set given away by the Store December 15th. Mr. David Miller held the lucky number for the car given away Christmas eve.

Twenty-six members of the M. M. Club very pleasantly surprised Mrs. Wm. McIntosh on her birthday December 28th. She was presented with a lovely gift.

Mr. Walter Oliver spent his vacation at his home in Pittsburg, Kan. Cyril Reed visited in Illinois and Mr. Adams in Idaho.

Mr. Roy Williams of Springville, Utah, spent Christmas day with relatives and friends here. He brought a twenty-two pound turkey with him to prove that he was a successful farmer.

Miss Lola Buchanan spent the holidays in Denver.

Miss Mary Blacker and Mr. Cliff Anderson were married at the L. D. S. temple in Salt Lake City December 22nd. Our community extends congratulations and best wishes to this young Cumberland couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright Walker spent Christmas and New Years week-ends with relatives at Rock Springs.

Mrs. George Blacker, Sr., who has been a patient in the L. D. S. hospital at Salt Lake, has returned home feeling much better.

Another wedding of interest took place during the holiday season when Miss Mary Galassi and Mr. Angelo Grammaccia were united in marriage at Kemmerer December 23rd. The many friends of the young couple wish them joy and success.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blacker, Sr., gave a wedding reception for Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Anderson at No. One Hall Thursday, January 6th. A large crowd attended to wish the newlyweds success. A very pleasant evening was reported by all. The bride and groom were presented with many beautiful gifts.

Mr. John Georgis departed for Cheyenne where he will remain for several weeks.

Mrs. Wm. McIntosh very pleasantly entertained one recent afternoon, the occasion being a surprise party in honor of Mrs. Chris Johnson's birthday. The afternoon was spent playing cards, after which a dainty luncheon, including a huge birthday cake, was served. Grandma was much surprised after luncheon when each lady presented her with a little gift in honor of the day.

Mr. John Hunter is visiting relatives here.

The John Perner family and the Chas. Clarks' have moved down to No. One camp.

Mr. J. A. Williams was a Rock Springs business visitor. Everyone reports a jolly good time at the last Community dance given Saturday, January 8th.

Superior

MR AND MRS. M. J. ARBUCKLE spent the Christmas holidays in Salt Lake City.

Mr. John Pecolar held the lucky number for the automobile that was given away on December 24th by the Union Pacific Store.

Matt Morrow of the Union Pacific office spent Christmas holidays with home folks in Cumberland.

Ted Clark visited with his parents in Superior during the holidays. Ted is attending Westminster College in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Mrs. F. Whitetree and children left for Vinta, Okla., December 19th. Mrs. Whitetree was called home on account of the illness of her father.

Mrs. Z. R. Whaley and children of Rock Springs visited with Mrs. Noble on "B" Hill a week-end during the month.

Mr. Joseph N. Clark of Eaton, Colo., was a Superior visitor during the holidays. Mr. Clark is a brother of our mine clerk, W. B. Clark. Mrs. Philip Haass was also a visitor of the Clark home during the month. Mrs. Haass is a cousin of W. B. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McIntosh of Cumberland were visiting old friends and relatives in Superior on New Years day.

Vela Wylam and Catherine Moser were home from Greeley, Colo., to spend the holidays in Superior. Vela and Catherine are attending the Colorado State Teachers' College.

Doris Robinson and Phyllis McDill were home from Laramie to spend Christmas with home folks. Doris and Phyllis are attending the University.

Furnessa Purdy, Phyllis Hansen, John McIntosh and B. D. Boyd motored to Cumberland to spend the week-end at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McIntosh.

Mrs. Catherine Kehoe of Cokeville, Wyo., is visiting in Superior with her daughter, Mrs. Chas. A. Deane. Mrs. Fred Timmerick is also a guest at the Deane home.

The Opera House was the scene of the best dance of the season on New Years eve. Dancing was enjoyed until the small hours. At midnight a supper was served at the Union Pacific Hotel. Mrs. Vetel, F. Whitetree and Mr. Callahan furnished the music.

Master Kenneth Powell honored about twenty-six young people at the home of Mrs. Conzatti on "B" Hill on his fifth birthday. Kenneth received many pretty gifts from his young friends. After games were enjoyed by everyone present, Mrs. Conzatti and Mrs. Wm. Ferrell served refreshments.

Hanna

MANY of our young people, who are away teaching or attending school, spent the Christmas holidays with parents. Misses Jane and Beth Wright, Anna Annala, Violet Fagerholm, Mabel Massey, Ila Lepponen, Vendla Huhtala, Alice Christensen, Hilda Malmberg, Etta Dodds, Edna Klaseen, Jean Milliken, Lucile Love, Fenis Scarpelli, Susie Klobas, Leona Tate, Milly Chadwick, Messrs. Will Clegg and Uno Maki.

Mrs. Russell Sholl and small son of Dawson, New Mexico, and Mrs. J. McClennan and son of Superior spent the Christmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Butler.

Ray McCue spent a two weeks' vacation visiting in Montana.

Mrs. E. V. Swearns and children visited with relatives in Oklahoma during the Christmas holidays.

The women of the Mooseheart Legion gave an old fashioned party on Monday night, December 20th. A

prize was awarded to Mrs. Wm. Clegg for the best costume.

Mr. Joe Woods of Cheyenne spent a few days in Hanna during December.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Penman were called to Diamondville by the death of Mr. Penman's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. John Whiles announce the arrival of a baby daughter born on Christmas morning.

Mr. Chas. Hutchinson spent New Years Day with Mr. and Mrs. Joe Woods in Cheyenne.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Buehler and daughter, Margaret, Mr. Jas. MacDonald and Misses Jessie, Florence and Dorothy Benedict were called to Laramie by the death of Mr. Robert Benedict, which occurred at Mercy Hospital, Denver, after a long illness from heart trouble. Funeral services were held in Laramie and interment made in Laramie cemetery. Mr. Benedict was well known in Hanna, having worked here several years ago, and the entire community extends its sympathy to the bereaved relatives.

Miss Florence Benedict will stay with her aunt, Mrs. O. C. Buehler, and attend the Hanna High School and Miss Dorothy Benedict will continue to stay here and attend school. Miss Jessie Benedict will finish her senior year of the High School in Laramie.

Mrs. Ward Burford and small daughter of Brule, Nebraska, visited with relatives in Hanna during January.

A baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Huhtala on December 29th.

A social afternoon was enjoyed by the Ladies Aid at the home of Mrs. Joe Briggs on January 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lucas had as their guests during Christmas, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Norris of Rock Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Gillespie are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son born on January 10th.

A baby girl made her arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barton on January 11th.

Mrs. Richard Lee, who has been very ill at the hospital, is somewhat improved at this writing.

A social was given at the Finn Hall on Saturday night, January 8th, by the K. of P. Lodge.

Winton

A FAREWELL card party was given at the home of Mrs. J. E. Scanlon on Friday evening, January 7th, for Mrs. Harry Halloday.

Merian Grindle, V. Slaughter, Evelyn Jolly, Genevieve Dodds and Cyril Baxter entertained with birthday parties during January.

The Woman's Club held its monthly business meeting on January 5th. On Wednesday, January 26th, it held its social meeting. Plans for an apron and overall dance to be given Saturday evening, February 13th, were completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Phillips and daughter, Thelma, enjoyed New Years at the Ed Williams home in Kemmerer.

The Parent-Teachers Association held its monthly meeting on Monday afternoon, January 18th. The members decided to buy a Victrola and records for the school.

Miss Irene Benson has been quite ill during January.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas.



Jefferson Allen Kaul
First baby born in Meadeath

Adams entertained their card club Friday evening, January 14th.

Mrs. Wiley Baucum has been very ill but is somewhat improved.

Miss Martha Anderson has entered the nurses' training school at Mercy Hospital in Denver, Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Barrier are the proud parents of a lovely baby daughter born January 3rd.

Mrs. Wm. Russell and Mrs. Thomas were called to Montana this month by the news of the serious illness of their father.

Rene Hornsby has been very ill.

Mesdames Sutton, Foote, Uram and Phillips entertained the Tuesday Afternoon Card Club in January.

Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson arrived from Salt Lake January 2nd. The youngsters charivariated them and a number of the grown folks called on them unexpectedly Saturday evening, January 8th, and enjoyed a dancing party.

The Scouts held election of troop officers January 6th and the following were elected: Ishmeal Adams, Patrol Leader; Richard Gregory, Asst. Patrol Leader; Boots Messenger, Scribe. It was decided that all Scouts would attend Sunday School services at the Community Home every Sunday with their Scoutmaster, C. H. Carlson.

Mrs. Louis Kalinowski of Denver, Colorado, is visiting at the Wm. Russell home.

Mrs. Gerald Neal was operated on at the Wyoming General Hospital Monday, January 10th. Her friends are hoping for a speedy recovery.

Tono

THE Merry Wives' Club December gathering was with Mrs. Wm. Martina, who was assisted by Mrs. Robert Murray. The occasion took the form of a Children's Christmas Party, all members coming dressed as in their "kid days". The time was spent in playing games at which Miss Clara Dahl and Mrs. Mary Richardson received prizes. A Christmas tree was also a feature of the evenings program from which gifts were taken. Invited guests were Mrs. John Isaacson, Mrs. Chas. Friend, Mrs. John Schuck and Miss Clara Dahl. A dainty luncheon was served.

Meeting for the last time in 1926, members of the Community Club gathered at the Club House December 22nd for an evening of fun. The reception room was bright with bouquets of holly and flowers entwined, which together with the blazing pine knots in the fire-place, made a cheerful background for the different characters coming to the party. There were the Traveling Tramp, Rastus the Negro, The Coolie Girl, Sis Hopkins, and the debutante of 1860. The Black Cat mewed her way in at a late hour. Games were played at which Mrs. Tom Warren and Mrs. E. C. Way took first prize, Mrs. Matt Mardicott and Mrs. Henry Warren were given the consolation.



Joseph William Mossop, Jr.,
of Tono

tions. The centerpiece on the table was a miniature Christmas tree all a-glow, with the other decorations carrying a Christmas motif throughout. The following committee, with Mrs. Jim Colvin as chairman, was in charge of arrangement and supper: Mrs. Joseph Edwards, Mrs. Jack Grimm, Miss Elizabeth Flora.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Forsyth have purchased ten acres of land at Rochester adjoining that owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Olds.

Their vacation over, students who had been home for the holidays returned January 3rd to their respective schools: John Hill to State College at Pullman; Miss Fannie Johnson, Antone and George Kalkuski to Ellensburg; the Misses Ethel Nicholson and Inga Ring to Bellingham; Elaine Warren to Aquinas Academy, Tacoma. And our young folks who are teachers, to their different schools: Miss Myrtle Brierly to Kelso; Miss Lucille Way to Independence; Miss Mary Hill to Carbondale; Miss Ida Johnson to Little Rock; Miss Irene Patterson to Tumwater; Mrs. Henry Cowell to Hanniford.

A smart ending to the year 1926 and a joyful welcome to the New Year, was the New Years Eve dance sponsored by the ladies of the First Aid Club. This was in the nature of a "frolic", with caps, horns and all the things that tend to merrymaking. Caps of many different kinds were given away; the effect was nothing short of kaleidoscopic. Mrs. Bert Boardman was in charge of arrangements; music was by Rau's orchestra. The hall was a bower of evergreens with hanging snowflakes of cotton, giving a typical New Year motif and a fitting background for the members in their uniforms of red and white. In the center of the stage hung a 1927 welcome sign which was flashed on at midnight. Working with Mrs. Boardman on the arrangements were Mrs. James Corcoran, Mrs. Ernest Barber, Mrs. Jim Colvin, Mrs. Bill Barber, Mrs. Oscar Johnson, Mrs. E. C. Way and Mrs. Tom Warren. Mrs. A. Richardson was in charge of the supper, assisted by Mrs. Earl Ash, Mrs. Todd Dove, Mrs. Dave Davis, Mrs. Chas. Larson and Mrs. Joe Patterson.

At her home New Years day Mrs. Joe Patterson entertained with a birthday dinner in honor of her mother, Mrs. Henry Warren, this being her 66th anniversary. The rooms were attractively decorated and appointments for the birthday table were chosen to harmonize with the color motif of the huge birthday cake of white with pink roses and the word "Mother" across the top. Those sharing the birthday spread were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Warren, Miss Irene Patterson, Miss Elaine and Tommy Warren, Mrs. Henry Warren, the honor guest, and Mr. Henry Warren.

Miss Lucille Way, while home for the holidays, was a charming hostess for four. Those honored were Miss Dorothy Arnell, Miss Florence Morrison, Miss Fannie Johnson.

Mrs. George Paul was a gracious hostess to the members of the Busy Bee Club December 23rd with a Christmas Party. "500" was played for a while and honors went to Mrs. Frank Tamblin and Mrs. Henry Puckett. The consolation went to Mrs. Bill Forsyth. Later in the evening it was discovered that Kris Kringle had left an abundant supply of parcels around a Christmas tree for each member present. Mrs. Henry Puckett was the guest of the evening. A dainty lunch was served by the hostess at a late hour.

Funeral services were held Sunday January 2nd, at 1:30 o'clock from the Newell Chapel for Charles Kruger who died Thursday, December 30th, at the Nugent General Hospital, Centralia. Interment was in the Mountain View Park. Mr. Kruger was 31 years of age and is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Kruger of Tono; Tom Kruger, Utah; Peter Kruger, Seattle; Joe Kruger, Tono; Mrs. John Nolan, Tono; Mrs. Earl Anthony, Portland; Mrs. Lloyd Mannon, Seattle; Miss Nettie Kruger, Centralia. The people of Tono extend their sympathy to these relatives.

(Continued on opposite page)



I am The Office Duster

THE DUSTER welcomes the Superior Sports Correspondent back again and is glad to note that Professor Green trilled so effectively as to "shake the opera". Perhaps he means to try to oust Mary Garden from general favor but well—Mary says that Nice on the Mediterranean is the best place to reduce. Of course the nice old medical profession tells us that too much reducing isn't good for us. Anyway, the Duster wishes Professor Green success in anything he desires to undertake. It would like to know about it next time Superior goes in for heavy opera and is very glad indeed to echo the request of the Sports Correspondent that "everybody be lenient with the players"—as lenient as the Correspondent is.

Losh! Losh! The Duster is fair tired of trying to keep up with all the "nichts" and "fichts" and "pairfects" and "petys" of the Scottish folk but it's nice to know Mr. Pryde danced—or what was it someone wrote about not losing his accent in the "shuffle". And we're going right out to help the Winton folks arrange a minstrel show as an "antiedote tae a michty muckle Scotch."

Mr. Dickinson forgot to write a hunting story this month.

Phil Sturholm, Reliance's versatile and facile cartoonist, is back with us and right glad everybody is to see him.

And Mr. Holen, how we should like to have been with you, Sir—that is, with an automobile and a lunch basket de luxe attached.

Everybody's New Year resolutions still intact! Isn't that great? Of course this is only February and we have so much inspiration this month with the birthday anniversaries of Lincoln and Washington, not to speak of Saint Valentine's Day. But it's quite too much when this magazine asks us to love the dentist. Right there is where all our resolutions go smash at once.

If you must have an accident or get hurt or anything, better arrange to do it in Reliance where the First Aid pupils of Messrs. Dave Wilson and J. McPhie can take care of you.

The Duster's decided to go out to the apron and over all dance being arranged by the Winton Woman's Club. Let's all go.

Tono

(Continued from preceding page)

Mrs. Bill Barber, Mrs. Earl Ash and Mrs. Bert Boardman attended the demonstration of "Kitchen Improvements" under the direction of Mrs. Helen Brown, the Home Extension Director for Thurston Co., at Nisqually and Fir Tree.

In honor of their sixth wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Richardson entertained intimate friends at a dinner December 30th. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. Todd Dove, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Henningson, Miss Mary Hill and George Galkuski.

Hosts to family and intimate friends and in honor of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Warren entertained recently with a lovely appointed dinner. Covers were layed for Mr. and Mrs. Lee Morgan and children of Bucoda, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Patterson, Miss Irene Patterson, Harry Warren, Elaine and Tommy Warren.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Patton and Miss Ileane Maki of Vancouver, B. C., visited over the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Todd Dove and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Maki. Friends will remember Mrs. Patton as Ida Maki formerly of Kemmerer, Wyoming, and Tono.

Little Joe Mossop was severely bitten on the arm by a dog Monday, January 10th.

A wedding of interest to friends is that of Miss Anona Suffel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Suffel, to Mr. Clifford Drew of Tacoma, which took place in Seattle, December 19th, with the family and relatives witnessing the ceremony. The young folks left immediately for Tacoma, where they expect to make their home. Congratulations are extended to the happy couple.

Superior Sports

(Continued from Page 65)

		CUBS						
Player—	P.	FG.	FT.	PF.	F.	TP.		
Lessen	F	14	2-	0	0	30		
Sherwood	F	6	1	1	0	13		
Weimer	C	2	0	1	0	4		
Faddis	G	0	0	0	0	0		
Evans	G	0	0	1	0	0		
Totals.....		44	3	3	0	47		

		LIONS						
Player—	P.	FG.	FT.	PF.	F.	TP.		
Green	F	0	0	2	0	0		
Osborn	F	0	0	0	0	0		
MacCormac	C	3	0	0	1	6		
Matthew	G	0	0	0	1	0		
Scott ..	G	0	0	0	0	0		
Wylam	G	0	0	0	0	0		
Holt	G	0	0	1	0	0		
Totals.....		6	0	3	2	6		

Referee, Whitetree. Timekeeper, Brown.

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